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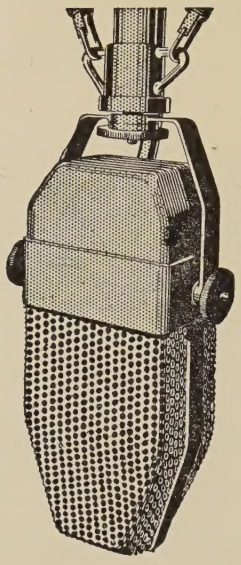

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST 1950

# SCIENCE AND RELIGION

BY ALBERT EINSTEIN

## I.

DURING the last century, and part of the one before, it was widely held that there was an irreconcilable conflict between knowledge and belief. The opinion prevailed among advanced minds that it was time that belief should be replaced increasingly by knowledge ; belief that did not itself rest on knowledge was superstition, and as such had to be opposed. According to this conception, the sole function of education was to open the way to thinking and knowing, and the school, as the outstanding organ for the people's education, must serve that end exclusively.

One will probably find but rarely, if at all, the rationalistic standpoint expressed in such crass form ; for any sensible man would see at once how one-sided is such a statement of the position. But it is just as well to state a thesis starkly and nakedly, if one wants to clear up one's mind as to its nature.

It is true that convictions can best be supported with experience and clear thinking. On this point one must agree unreservedly with the extreme rationalist. The weak point of his conception is however this, that those convictions which are necessary and determinant for our conduct and judgments, cannot be found solely along this solid scientific way.

For the scientific method can teach us nothing else beyond how facts are related to, and conditioned by, each other. The aspiration toward such objective knowledge belongs to the highest of which man is capable, and you will certainly not suspect me of wishing to belittle the achievements and the heroic efforts of man in this sphere. Yet it is equally clear that knowledge of what is does not open the door directly to what *should be*. One can have the clearest and most complete knowledge of what is, and yet not be able to deduct from that what should be the *goal* of our human aspirations. Objective knowledge provides us with powerful instruments for the achievements of certain ends, but the ultimate goal itself and the longing to reach it must come from another source. And it is hardly necessary to argue for the view that our existence and our activity acquire meaning only by the setting up of such a goal and of corresponding values. The

knowledge of truth as such is wonderful, but it is so little capable of acting as a guide that it cannot prove even the justification and the value of the aspiration towards that very knowledge of truth. Here we face, therefore, the limits of the purely rational conception of our existence.

But it must not be assumed that intelligent thinking can play no part in the formation of the goal and of ethical judgments. When someone realizes that for the achievement of an end certain means would be useful, the means itself becomes thereby an end. Intelligence makes clear to us the inter-relation of means and ends. But mere thinking cannot give us a sense of the ultimate and fundamental ends. To make clear these fundamental ends and valuations, and to set them fast in the emotional life of the individual, seems to me precisely the most important function which religion has to perform in the social life of man. And if one asks whence derives the authority of such fundamental ends, since they cannot be stated and justified merely by reason, one can only answer : they exist in a healthy society as powerful traditions, which act upon the conduct and aspirations and judgments of the individuals ; they are there, that is, as something living, without its being necessary to find justification for their existence. They come into being not through demonstration but through revelation, through the medium of powerful personalities. One must not attempt to justify them, but rather to sense their nature simply and clearly.

The highest principles for our aspirations and judgments are given to us in the Jewish-Christian religious tradition. It is a very high goal which, with our weak powers, we can reach only very inadequately, but which gives a sure foundation to our aspirations and valuations. If one were to take that goal out of its religious form and look merely at its purely human side, one might state it perhaps thus : free and responsible development of the individual, so that he may place his powers freely and gladly in the service of all mankind.

There is no room in this for the divinization of a nation, of a class, let alone of an individual. Are we not all children of one father, as it is said in religious language ? Indeed, even the divinization of humanity, as an abstract totality, would not be in the spirit of that ideal. It is only to the individual that a soul is given. And the high destiny of the individual is to serve rather than to rule, or to impose himself in any other way.

If one looks at the substance rather than at the form, then one can take these words as expressing also the fundamental democratic position. The true democrat can worship his nation as little as can the man who is religious, in our sense of the term.

What, then, in all this, is the function of education and of

the school ? They should help the young person to grow up in such a spirit that these fundamental principles should be to him as the air which he breathes. Teaching alone cannot do that.

If one holds these high principles clearly before one's eyes, and compares them with the life and spirit of our times, then it appears glaringly that civilized mankind finds itself at present in grave danger. In the totalitarian States it is the rulers themselves who strive actually to destroy that spirit of humanity. In less threatened parts it is nationalism and intolerance, as well as the oppression of the individuals by economic means, which threaten to choke these most precious traditions.

A realization of how great is the danger is spreading, however, among thinking people, and there is much search for means with which to meet the danger—means in the field of national and international politics, of legislation, of organization in general. Such efforts are, no doubt, greatly needed. Yet the ancients knew something which we seem to have forgotten. All means prove but a blunt instrument, if they have not behind them a living spirit. But if the longing for the achievement of the goal is powerfully alive within us, then shall we not lack the strength to find the means for reaching the goal and for translating it into deeds ?

## II.

It would not be difficult to come to an agreement as to what we understand by science. Science is the century-old endeavour to bring together by means of systematic thought the perceptible phenomena of this world into as thorough-going an association as possible. To put it boldly, it is the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualization. But when asking myself what religion is I cannot think of the answer so easily. And even after finding an answer which may satisfy me at this particular moment I still remain convinced that I can never under any circumstances bring together, even to a slight extent, all those who have given this question serious consideration.

At first, then, instead of asking what religion is I should prefer to ask what characterizes the aspirations of a person who gives me the impression of being religious. A person who is religiously enlightened appears to me to be one who has, to the best of his ability, liberated himself from the fetters of his selfish desires and is preoccupied with thoughts, feelings, and aspiratioms to which he clings because of their super-personal value. It seems to me that what is important is the force of this super-personal content and the depth of the conviction concerning its overpowering meaningfulness, regardless of whether any attempt is made to unite this content with a

divine Being, for otherwise it would not be possible to count Buddha and Spinoza as religious personalities. Accordingly, a religious person is devout in the sense that he has no doubt of the significance and loftiness of those super-personal objects and goals which neither require nor are capable of rational foundation. They exist with the same necessity and matter-of-factness as he himself. In this sense religion is the age-old endeavour of mankind to become clearly and completely conscious of these values and goals and constantly to strengthen and extend their effect. If one conceives of religion and science according to these definitions then a conflict between them appears impossible. For science can only ascertain what *is*, but not what *should be*, and outside of its domain value judgments of all kinds remain necessary. Religion, on the other hand, deals only with evaluations of human thought and action : it cannot justifiably speak of facts and relationships between facts. According to this interpretation the well known conflicts between religion and science in the past must all be ascribed to a misapprehension of the situation which has been described.

For example, a conflict arises when a religious community insists on the absolute truthfulness of all statements recorded in the Bible. This means an intervention on the part of religion into the sphere of science ; this is where the struggle of the Church against the doctrines of Galileo and Darwin belongs. On the other hand, representatives of science have often made an attempt to arrive at fundamental judgments with respect to values and end on the basis of scientific method, and in this way have set themselves in opposition to religion. These conflicts have all sprung from fatal errors.

Now, even though the realms of religion and science in themselves are clearly marked off from each other, nevertheless there exist between the two strong reciprocal relationships and dependencies. Though religion may be that which determines the goal, it has, nevertheless, learned from science in the broadest sense, what means will contribute to the attainment of the goals it has set up. But science can only be created by those who are thoroughly imbued with the aspiration towards truth and understanding. This source of feeling, however, springs from the sphere of religion. To this there also belongs the faith in the possibility that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, that is, comprehensible to reason. I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist without that profound faith. The situation may be expressed by an image : science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

Though I have asserted that in truth a legitimate conflict between religion and science cannot exist I must nevertheless qualify this assertion once again on an essential point, with reference to the actual content of historical religions. This qualification has to

do with the concept of God. During the youthful period of mankind's spiritual evolution human fantasy created gods in man's own image, who, by the operations of their will were supposed to determine or at any rate to influence the phenomenal world. Man sought to alter the disposition of these gods in his own favour by means of magic and prayer. The idea of God in the religions taught at present is a sublimation of that old conception of the gods. Its anthropomorphic character is shown, for instance, by the fact that men appeal to the Divine Being in prayers and plead for the fulfilment of their wishes.

Nobody, certainly, will deny that the idea of the existence of an omnipotent, just and omnibeneficent personal God is able to accord man solace, help, and guidance ; also, by virtue of its simplicity it is accessible to the most undeveloped mind. But, on the other hand, there are decisive weaknesses attached to this idea in itself, which have been painfully felt since the beginning of history. That is, if this being is omnipotent then every occurrence, including every human action, every human thought, and every human feeling and aspiration is also His work ; how is it possible to think of holding men responsible for their deeds and thoughts before such an almighty Being ? In giving out punishment and rewards He would to a certain extent be passing judgment on Himself. How can this be combined with the goodness and righteousness ascribed to Him ?

The main source of the present-day conflicts between the spheres of religion and of science lies in this concept of a personal God. It is the aim of science to establish general rules which determine the reciprocal connection of objects and events in time and space. For these rules, or laws of nature, absolutely general validity is required —not proven. It is mainly a programme, and faith in the possibility of its accomplishment in principle is only founded on partial successes. But hardly anyone could be found who would deny these partial successes and ascribe them to human self-deception. The fact that on the basis of such laws we are able to predict the temporal behaviour of phenomena in certain domains with great precision and certainty is deeply embedded in the consciousness of the modern man, even though he may have grasped very little of the contents of those laws. He need only consider that planetary courses within the solar system may be calculated in advance with great exactitude on the basis of a limited number of simple laws. In a similar way, though not with the same precision, it is possible to calculate in advance the mode of operation of an electric motor, a transmission system, or of a wireless apparatus, even when dealing with a novel development.

To be sure, when the number of factors coming into play in a phenomenological complex is too large scientific method in most cases fails us. One need only think of the weather, in which case predic-

tion even for a few days ahead is impossible. Nevertheless no-one doubts that we are confronted with a causal connection whose causal components are in the main known to us. Occurrences in this domain are beyond the reach of exact prediction because of the variety of factors in operation, not because of any lack of order in nature.

We have penetrated far less deeply into the regularities obtaining within the realm of living things, but deeply enough nevertheless to sense at least the rule of fixed necessity. One need only think of the systematic order in heredity, and in the effect of poisons, as for instance alcohol, on the behaviour of organic beings. What is still lacking here is a grasp of connections of profound generality, but not a knowledge of order in itself.

The more a man is imbued with the ordered regularity of all events the firmer becomes his conviction that there is no room left by the side of this ordered regularity for causes of a different nature. For him neither the rule of human nor the rule of divine will exists as an independent cause of natural events. To be sure, the doctrine of a personal God interfering with natural events could never be *refuted*, in the real sense, by science, for this doctrine can always take refuge in those domains in which scientific knowledge has not yet been able to set foot.

But I am persuaded that such behaviour on the part of the representatives of religion would not only be unworthy but also fatal. For a doctrine which is able to maintain itself not in clear light but only in the dark, will of necessity lose its effect on mankind, with incalculable harm to human progress. In their struggle for the ethical good, teachers of religion must have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God, that is, give up that source of fear and hope which in the past placed such vast power in the hands of priests. In their labours they will have to avail themselves of those forces which are capable of cultivating the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in humanity itself. This is, to be sure, a more difficult but an incomparably more worthy task.* After religious teachers accomplish the refining process indicated they will surely recognize with joy that true religion has been ennobled and made more profound by scientific knowledge.

If it is one of the goals of religion to liberate mankind as far as possible from the bondage of egocentric cravings, desires, and fears, scientific reasoning can aid religion in yet another sense. Although it is true that it is the goal of science to discover rules which permit the association and foretelling of facts, this is not its only aim. It also seeks to reduce the connections discovered to the smallest possible number of mutually independent conceptual elements. It is in

* This thought is convincingly presented in Lord Samuel's book *Belief and Action*.

this striving after the rational unification of the manifold that it encounters its greatest successes, even though it is precisely this attempt which causes it to run the greatest risk of falling a prey to illusions. But whoever has undergone the intense experience of successful advances made in this domain, is moved by profound reverence for the rationality made manifest in existence. By way of the understanding he achieves a far-reaching emancipation from the shackles of personal hopes and desires and thereby attains that humble attitude of mind towards the grandeur of reason incarnate in existence, and which, in its profoundest depths, is inaccessible to man. This attitude, however, appears to me to be religious, in the highest sense of the word. And so it seems to me that science not only purifies the religious impulse of the dross of its anthropomorphism but also contributes to a religious spiritualization of our understanding of life.

The further the spiritual evolution of mankind advances, the more certain it seems to me that the path to genuine religiosity does not lie through the fear of life, and the fear of death, and blind faith, but through striving after rational knowledge. In this sense I believe that the priest must become a teacher if he wishes to do justice to his lofty educational mission.

(*This essay is one of Professor Einstein's collection* "Out of my Later Years" *which will be published in England some time next year.*)

# BENELUX URGENCY

By J. T. Brockway

THE term Benelux stands for an idea, a plan, one that is still unrealized but nevertheless well on the way towards fulfilment. The idea is the complete economic union of the three sovereign States of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg. Together, the three countries comprise an area of 26,000 square miles and a population of 19,000,000. Although, therefore, relatively small in size, even when combined, they form one of the most densely populated and most highly industrialized corners of the earth. The spirit of their peoples, too, is one of prodigious industry.

Belgium, whose agriculture supplies the home market, with a little of some things left over for export, is predominantly a manufacturing country with large metallurgical and textile industries ; the Netherlands has an important export trade in agricultural and horticultural produce and its industries are in a state of post-war expansion, main products being textiles, metal products and electrical equipment ; while Luxemburg, whose agriculture has to contend with certain disadvantages of soil and climate, depends for its wealth on a highly developed iron and steel industry providing it with 80 per cent. of its export trade. Whereas Belgium and the Netherlands are roughly equal in size and population, the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg represents only 1/22 of the total area and 1/63 of the total population. This, and the fact that a form of economic union has already been in existence between the Duchy and Belgium since 1922, mean that the negotiation of the plan has chiefly concerned the adjustment of the economies of the two larger countries. It does not, however, mean that Luxemburg is in any sense a negligible factor. Benelux is an idea formulated and negotiated by three equal partners who intend to preserve their sovereignty but who have agreed to work together for their common good. Small, perhaps, in scope, but large in implication, it is also one of the best things to have come out of the recent war. The limitations of its scope are, indeed, a recommendation ; it has thereby a far better chance of success than the more ambitious but less practical political aims the world has set itself since 1945, and one small success is worth any number of grandiose failures at any time—but particularly at this moment in the history of western civilization.

The first step was taken with the announcement on September 5, 1944, that the three Governments in London had agreed upon a customs union to come into force immediately after the liberation of their territories. The idea of economic co-operation between the three countries was not altogether new. After the failure of the League of Nations' economic conferences of 1927 and 1930 to call a halt to that economic nationalism which had developed apace since the 1914-1918 war, they had gone ahead with a plan of their own and had signed the Treaty of Ouchy providing for a gradual reduction of their mutual import duties and for consultation before any one of them took measures which could have a harmful effect on the economy of the others. Other countries were invited to join the agreement. None did. On the contrary, the British Treaty of Ottawa, concluded shortly afterwards, enshrined the spirit of economic nationalism and made the Treaty of Ouchy unworkable. Even in those days it was evident—except, of course, to protectionists—that national economies do not and cannot exist in a vacuum and that protectionist measures taken by one country, or group, inevitably had a deleterious effect on others and only aggravated world economic *malaise*. It took a war to give progressive ideas their chance, and, working in close co-operation in exile in London, the Governments of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg seized that chance.

The announcement of the decision to form a customs union came at a moment of high optimism. Belgium and Luxemburg were already cleared of the enemy ; Allied troops had just crossed the southern border of the Netherlands ; complete liberation was expected in a matter of days. In October 1944 came a reverse. The success of the German counter-attack at Arnhem prevented the Allies from crossing the Waal, and the northern part of the Netherlands —that is, the richest, most thickly populated provinces—remained in German hands until the very last days of the war in Europe. Those last seven months of occupation were disastrous. They witnessed a German reign of terror aimed at the deliberate plundering and devastation of the Dutch economy and the reduction of the people, especially in the centres of industry, to a state of physical and nervous exhaustion. In the meantime, however, Belgium and Luxemburg had become an Allied base and Belgium, in particular, enjoyed an astonishingly rapid economic revival. The consequence was that at the moment of liberation there was so great a disparity between the economic condition of the Netherlands and that of its more fortunate neighbours, that the proposed customs union had to be postponed. Further, whereas Belgium and Luxemburg were moving towards a free economy, the Netherlands' Government saw itself obliged to introduce a very thorough-going system of government direction and control. Thus, at a period when, according to plan, the economic

structures of the three countries should have been moving towards integration, they actually moved apart.

The difference between the post-war economic situation in the Netherlands and that in Belgium was not entirely due to German destruction in the last seven months of the war. There were differences of character too. Belgium specializes in producers' goods and these have been in great demand on the world market since the war ; its industrial centres were practically intact. So were its overseas possessions. Its currency was hard—the strongest, with the exception of the Swiss franc, on the continent. It had no dollar problem. The Netherlands, on the other hand, less industrialized and poor in raw materials, depended largely on its agricultural produce, its shipping trade and its overseas investments to cover its essential imports. All three sources of income had suffered severely. It had to feed itself and its industries on foreign credits while the work of reconstruction went on, and this it is still doing. Its industrial production as a whole now exceeds the pre-war level. In December last the index figure (1938 : 100) was 140. Its agricultural production has just about reached the pre-war level. By 1949 it had got so far as to cover 70 per cent. of its imports by exports—the pre-war level*, but shipping services and overseas investments which previously filled the gap still lag behind pre-war levels. In particular, the highly important transit trade through the port of Rotterdam with Germany and central Europe is still far from being rehabilitated. In 1949 the country's total transit trade amounted to about 18 million tons as compared with the 1938 figure of 50 million.

Despite this unexpected disparity between the post-war economies of the Netherlands and the Belgium-Luxemburg union, the plan to form a customs union was not abandoned. The three Governments conferred to discuss the project in April 1946 and from this conference onwards the idea of an economic union, far surpassing a mere unification of the customs, took definite form and soon came to be known as the Benelux plan. Since that time the three countries have been continuously at work preparing for the ultimate union. This preparatory work has been carried out by means of three specially appointed councils, for customs regulations, for trade agreements, and for the economic union itself, and by intermittent ministerial conferences in the different countries to discuss and decide upon the councils' recommendations. At the same time the Benelux *Comité*, with headquarters in each of the three capitals, has developed general interest in the plan, by spreading information, by organizing congresses for the unofficial discussion of economic matters, travel and tourism, sport and so on, and by holding popular Benelux exhibitions and demonstrations.

* In 1950 this figure has so far declined : in May it was 57 per cent

January 1, 1948, saw the first concrete result of these efforts. On that date goods began to pass between the three countries free of customs duty while uniform duties were imposed by each country on imports from abroad. As far as customs duties were concerned the three countries now formed a unit. In European politics they were already beginning to function as such. Agreement had still to be reached, however, to bring excise duties on such products as salt, sugar, spirits and certain taxes, such as the turnover or purchase tax, into line before a complete customs union could be said to have been effected. And then, though customs duties had been removed, this did not mean that goods passed unimpeded between the three countries. Import and export were still subject to the granting of government licences and the necessary foreign exchange. The restrictions were manifold. Rationing and government control were still in full force in the Netherlands and there was a period when a difference of opinion arose as to the appropriate steps to be taken to achieve uniformity. There were those who argued that Belgium should, in some measure, apply similar controls and that Benelux must necessarily be a directed economy ; while others insisted warmly that the aim and very spirit of Benelux was a free economy in which government interference had been reduced to a minimum.

This difference of attitude did not arise simply from the divergent economic situations in the two larger countries. The Netherlands and Belgium had a history of disagreement behind them dating from the Eighty Years War of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, disagreement which the attempted political union of the two countries in 1815 had only sharpened, leading to open hostility and separation again in 1830, and which has its roots in a difference of national temperament. The Dutch tend to feel themselves superior to their more carefree neighbours in the south ; while the Belgians are often impatient of the Dutchman's plodding thoroughness. Freedom of enterprise suits the more easy-going, southern spirit of the Belgians, while the Dutch of the bleaker, sea-threatened north, despite their love for freedom and their intolerance of a foreign invader, have a pronounced inclination for writing out rules for themselves and then proceeding to follow them, cost what it may, to the letter. They like to have everything neat and tidy, for the sake of neatness and tidiness. In addition to this, government direction as instituted in the Netherlands since the war, tends to perpetuate itself, to become a habit of thinking and acting. At the same time, the Belgians are more continentally-minded than the Dutch, who look not only inland, but also out across the North Sea to England, their best customer in the post-war period.

Be this as it may, it was the liberal view which prevailed and two of the first things the ministerial conference at the Château

d'Ardenne in June 1948 agreed upon were that the rationing of consumers' goods should cease as soon as possible and that each country should reduce State subsidies on production and consumption. Besides these, it was agreed to aim at a joint investment policy, to speed up the attempt to correlate fiscal and social policy, and to pursue an economic policy in each country which would maintain the monetary equilibrium.

It was rapidly becoming clear that an economic union, even between three relatively small countries, two of which were already united economically, was a very complicated business. At one time it was hoped that the Union would come into force on January 1, 1950 ; experience showed, however, that not only was the problem of adjustment an extremely complicated one, but so much depended on economic developments in the world outside that it was impossible to keep to any definite time-table. The ministerial conference at the Hague in March 1949 decided all the same that a so-called ' pre-union ' should come into force on July 1, 1949, though the actual agreement was not signed until the following conference in Luxemburg in October, whereupon it came into force with retrospective effect as from July 1. From then onwards the licensing restrictions on the passage of goods between the three countries have been progressively removed with the result that early in 1950 about 90 per cent. of Dutch imports from Belgium had become free of licence and about 85 per cent. of the goods passing in the other direction. In 1949 the Netherlands was Belgium's best customer, taking 760 million guilders' worth of her exports, while Belgium became one of the Netherlands' best customers, taking 507 million guilders' worth of exports as compared with the figures of 615 million and 111 million taken by the U.K. and the U.S.A. respectively. In 1950 this inter-trade has increased still further.

Important though this step was, it did not mean that the exchange of goods had become completely free. To effect this it is necessary that the respective currencies should be freely convertible. At the moment this is not so, owing to the economic disequilibrium and the shortage of Belgian francs in the Netherlands. This imposes an automatic limitation on inter-trade and the solution of the monetary problem is the next immediate task which awaits Benelux negotiators. So far the excess of Dutch imports from Belgium over exports to that country has been covered by generous Belgian credits, but to these some limit must be set. The position would be eased if the Netherlands could meet the deficit—which it cannot afford to pay for in gold or dollars—by using its favourable balances with other countries. It has, for instance, built up a considerable credit balance with western Germany in the past year. But here we leave the Benelux field proper and enter the field of the European payments union

being planned by the O.E.E.C. in Paris. Then, too, in order to free the movement of capital, the rates of interest, higher in Belgium than in the Netherlands, would have to be equalized to prevent a flow of capital from the one country to the other, and until this could be arranged, some measure of government control would have to be maintained.

But even the freeing of the exchange of goods, currency and capital, and the equalizing of excise duties, are only preliminaries. It is essential that in order to create conditions of competition on equal terms in the Benelux area, the social policy, the wages and the insurance contributions required of workers and employers should be brought into line as far as possible, though this does not necessarily mean that a completely uniform system should be adopted in each country. The same applies to taxation, too.

The ideal of full economic union means that the Benelux countries will ultimately form one producing unit and one consumers' market and, as will have been seen, to produce a unit out of previously independent economic systems requires an enormous effort of adjustment. It requires more : a willingness to make some temporary sacrifices. In the levelling-up process there are bound to be losers and gainers, if only for the time being. For example, agricultural prices are lower in the Netherlands than in Belgium, owing to specialization in the former country, and in a united economy some Belgian farmers would certainly suffer from Dutch competition. On the other hand, the metal industries are more specialized in Belgium and would press on the younger metal industries in the Netherlands. Salaries and social insurance are higher in Luxemburg than in the other two countries and adjustment would necessarily affect some people unfavourably. The success of Benelux ultimately depends on the willingness of the potential losers to accept temporary disadvantages for the general good, and it is the task of wise and bold statesmanship, not merely to negotiate the technical and administrative adjustments required for the union, but to persuade people to accept inevitable sacrifices. Such a task calls for courage. This is the real core of the problem just as it is the real core of the problem of co-operation in the whole of western Europe. It is necessary to make a great effort of the will to discard the ingrained, but dangerously outmoded, notion of economic sovereignty—the notion that every nation should be free to apply what measures it likes in its own protection without a sense of moral responsibility for the harmful effects on other nations and an intelligent realization that harm done to others is ultimately harm done to oneself. And this does not only apply to nations, but to groups within nations, too.

That a new spirit, a new understanding of the necessity of co-operation, exists among the peoples of the Benelux countries is

certain. It is also certain that the longer the delay in achieving the economic union, the weaker that spirit grows. Apart from the numerous and praiseworthy activities of the voluntary, unofficial Benelux *Comité*, the plan has tended, so far, to be developed rather too exclusively in the official sphere. Provision has not been made for consultation of the parliaments and heads of industry in the respective countries *before* decisions are taken. This means that the parliaments are confronted with the decisions of the ministerial conferences, which they can only endorse or reject. The result is that the people as a whole feel themselves left out of the picture and come to regard the plan as something above their heads. This is unwise. If the popular imagination had been caught more progress might already have been made. The plan cannot, it is true, be expected to arouse a spontaneous show of high popular enthusiasm. It is really only a matter of good housekeeping and housekeeping, even when it is good, is not the kind of thing people usually get very excited about. All the same there is a vague general consciousness that the plan means better living for everyone in the Benelux area and the respective Governments would do well to clarify and inform that consciousness. The main lines are simple enough and the attractions are many. The best possible use will be made of the combined resources of all three countries to effect an all-round rise in the standard of living. Hampering, expensive—and ultimately disheartening—controls will disappear. People, as well as goods, money and capital, will be able to move freely over the frontiers; already, as a result of action taken by the Benelux *Comité*, no passports are required. And then, united, the three countries could exercise far more influence in world economic affairs. At the moment their combined international trade would vie with that of Canada for the third place in the world.

But Benelux has far more than a regional significance. Its success would set a fine example in a western Europe dangerously weakened by economic bilateralism. Its failure could have a serious repercussion on western morale. For how, if the attempted integration of a small part of western Europe is to meet with failure, can we hope to achieve the desired integration of the whole ? Some feel, indeed, that the fulfilment of the Benelux ideal is the first, essential step towards a united Europe, a plan which offers something more concrete than the work being undertaken by the Council of Europe at Strasbourg and the O.E.E.C. in Paris. They see Benelux as a limited centre block about which a united western Europe can be built up, and especially as a means of bringing together Great Britain and France, whose joint participation alone would, they feel, afford sufficient safeguard for the assimilation of a rehabilitated and powerful Germany into a new European comity of nations.

Benelux is important, too, because the idea is based on the belief that the real problem of co-operation in western Europe is economic, not political. It says in fact : put your housekeeping in order and the rest of your family differences will solve themselves . . . and you will be strong.

All the same Benelux cannot exist in a vacuum. Neither will it attempt to. That would, of course, be impossible, for all three countries are important exporters, depending for their livelihood on world trade. For this reason the development of Benelux has from the beginning been extremely sensitive to affairs beyond its frontiers. The devastation of the German hinterland, events in Indonesia, the devaluation of the pound sterling all impeded progress. Again, without Marshall Aid what progress has already been made would have been impossible. Indeed, the ministerial plan for the coming into force of the pre-union in July 1949 waited upon the granting of the 1949-1950 allocation and in the protocol, issued after the ministerial conference of October 1949, it was stated specifically that the economic union, which it was hoped to bring into effect as from July 1, 1950, was dependent upon the expected continuation of Marshall Aid until 1952.

July 1 is now past and the economic union is still not a fact. In the meantime agreement, in principle, has been announced on the plan for a European payments union and there is the Schuman plan discussion in Paris. Although both schemes will intimately affect Benelux, that plan cannot wait indefinitely on events outside. Should it wait too long for its full materialization, Benelux might eventually find itself superseded by a larger plan. The economic situation, both in the Benelux countries themselves and in the outside world, is always fluid. There is always the chance that it might change for the worse instead of for the better. Competition on the world market is becoming keener as post-war shortage disappears, a development which makes the unification and rationalization of production and marketing in these predominantly exporting countries really urgent. Some sacrifices will have to be made. You cannot have your cake and eat it too. It is simple to say what should be done when one does not bear the responsibility for the results. One may, however, venture to say that if the full economic union is to come at all, it will have to come soon. For its coming that boldness of decision and that readiness to make sacrifices will be required which were not lacking in western Europe in time of war.

(*The author writes from Holland, where he lives and works.*)

# JAPAN AND KOREA

By O. M. Green

TIME'S revenges have seldom been better illustrated than now when the once despised and enslaved Korea is the cause of throwing completely into the background the prospects of a peace treaty for her former lord Japan. It is five years on the fourteenth of this month since Japan laid down her arms: a peace treaty, there or thereabouts, might be a suitable birthday present. The Japanese are fully ready for it, and the Western democracies not much less desirous than Japan herself, that she should have it. On June 18 Mr. Dulles, Washington's adviser on foreign affairs, Mr. Johnson, Secretary of Defence, and General Omar Bradley arrived in Tokyo to discuss the lines of a peace treaty with General MacArthur. Only eight days later the communists let loose war in Korea ; and Mr. Dulles' notes, and the draft scheme provisionally agreed upon by the British Commonwealth, went into pigeon-holes.

Whatever the end of the Korean crisis it must mightily affect Japan. In the dread event that the northern communists might prolong a guerrilla warfare until the drain on America's strength of trying to resuscitate the southern Government became too costly in view of the world situation to continue, Korea, only 100 miles away across the Straits of Tsushima, would be a formidable base either for open invasion or for infiltration by communist agitators. If, on the other hand, the Korean communists are smashed the ultimate settlement can hardly fail to reach far beyond Korea alone; in which case there must be many increased advantages to Japan, in trade, in political influence, perhaps in the rôle designed for her by General MacArthur of " spiritual leader of Asia."

The Japanese were wont to speak of Korea as " a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan." Looking back now, it is easy to see how their determination to get that dagger into their own hands dates from their first treaty with Korea in 1876. It is interesting to recall that the Regent of Korea did his utmost to prevent the treaty from being signed just as, during the King's minority, he had contemptuously rejected all foreign overtures for the opening up of the Hermit Kingdom. How much subsequent trouble might have been spared if that name had remained true ! It is unnecessary to detail the

growing rivalry between China, the suzerain of Korea, and Japan for control of the miserably effete Korean monarchy, whose confusion the Japanese did their utmost to stimulate, culminating in the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-1895, which left Japan the dominant power in Korea, but with a new rival in Russia. It is a horrid story, stained with murder, outrages by hired roughs and worst of all the assassination of the Korean Queen, the one brave resolute figure among the decadents of the Seoul court. The Russian menace was scotched—its revival only proves anew that Russian imperialism is always the same under any colour—by the war of 1904-1905. Five years later Japan, quietly and without exciting the smallest ripple of disquietude among Western governments, annexed Korea, making it a province of her Empire.

It is only fair to say that the benefits of Japanese rule in this ramshackle country were many. Organized administration was introduced, roads and railways built, schools founded (though the teaching of the Korean language was forbidden), new industries created and fed by a huge electrical power station in the north (the cutting-off of all power from this source by the northern communists in May 1948 greatly increased the economic weakness of the south) and agriculture was developed. Korea is rich in gold, copper, anthracite, tungsten, crystal, and in her fertile valleys and plains ; and Japan meant to make her pay, which meant new employment for the Koreans.

On the other hand, Japan treated her new subjects as helots, in curious contrast with her treatment of the Formosans who look back on the days of Japanese rule with regret. Against the tyranny of the Japanese police, Koreans had no rights ; their properties if needed for Japanese schemes were flagrantly confiscated ; and the least sign of resistance was bloodily crushed. One Japanese statesman alone, Prince Ito, stands out for his efforts to give the Koreans humane and liberal government ; his reward was to be assassinated—by a Korean. No Korean was admitted to any but the lowest ranks of the Japanese administration. This was the most lasting injury that Japan did to Korea as it meant that, when the southern republic was so rashly launched upon the untried seas of independence, it was entirely devoid of a trained civil service, or indeed of anyone who had the slightest experience of governing. Two years earlier General Hodges, the U.S. Commander, had created a tentative Korean administration as a training ground in autonomy. But neither his prayers nor his scoldings ever got the least trace of practical work out of it.

The contrast between the Americans' failure in Korea in spite of

their boundless generosity and assiduity and their success in Japan is all the difference between the two peoples. United in shouting for independence, intensely proud of their ancient culture, the Koreans appear incapable of subordinating the pettiest individualism to the common good. There could hardly be a worse sign than that at the general elections last May over 2,300 candidates representing about 130 factions put up for 210 seats in the National Assembly. The inborn readiness of every Japanese to sacrifice himself and all his private feelings to the good of Nippon need not be dwelt on. Disciplined and obedient, the Japanese instantly laid down their arms at the Emperor's command and their prosperity to-day is the reward of their equal readiness to obey " King " MacArthur.

Looking back on the past five years, Japan's recovery falls broadly into three periods. The stunning effect and mental paralysis caused by defeat had not really worn off until the end of 1946. In the following year production began to rise and the admission of foreign merchants in the summer, hampered though they were by irritating restrictions, had a good effect on Japanese enterprise, which was immeasurably stimulated in 1948 by General MacArthur's announcement that Japan was not to be stripped of any more plant for reparations.

But the real recovery dates from the visit of Mr. Joseph M. Dodge, a leading American banker, early in 1949, who bluntly pointed out that the Government's intended budget was bogus, that taxes were not properly collected, expenditure swollen by hidden subsidies and pay-rolls grossly over-loaded. The Government was compelled for the first time to frame a budget which showed the true state of the national finances ; tax-collection was stiffened up ; vast numbers of employees (on the railways alone over 1,300) were told to find other work ; and thus the inflation of the currency was checked and it was possible to fix the yen at 360 to the American dollar.

Such rigorous austerity meant a temporary check to business and no little popular resentment (of which more presently). But this was handsomely recouped before the end of the year. Japan's exports in 1949, at a total value of U.S. $510,000,000 were twice those in 1948. Of this total 54.4 per cent. was textiles. Although Japan has under 4,000,000 spindles compared with her pre-war 12,000,000 she exported 750 million square yards of cotton cloth, as against 940 million by Great Britain and 880 by America.

The reverse side of the picture was that her imports last year were 27 per cent. more than in 1948 bringing the total of her dependence on America since the war to no less than $1,350 millions. Yet even with this huge indebtedness (and, be it remembered, her out-

standing loans from Great Britain) there appears no reason why Japan should not face the future confidently. In the past 18 months she has signed useful trade agreements with 14 or 15 countries, obtained a lucrative contract for railway engines for Siam, built and sold $7\frac{1}{2}$ million worth of ships (her ship-building yards now have a capacity of 800,000 tons), exported three times as much machinery, chiefly textile and electrical plant, in 1949 as in 1948, and astonished the world by her production of cameras of the highest class far cheaper even than the German, with other optical instruments and electrical apparatus.

Even as compared with only a year ago, the appearance and demeanour of the Japanese people have strikingly improved. Housing, as in every land, is still bad. But food is plentiful, the streets well lighted, the shops well stocked and, once again, Japanese girls can dress in the gay colours which they love and which always gave so picturesque a touch to the Japanese scene.

A notable sign of the revival of the normal Japanese mind was the severe rebuff given to the communists in the elections in June for the Upper House, in which they only secured four seats, a terrible downfall from their sensational capture of 35 seats in the general elections for the Diet eighteen months earlier. To some extent, it was their own fault. The encouragement given by General MacArthur in 1946 for the formation of trade unions (to inculcate democratic practice) enabled the communists to get a grip on about half the 2,000 unions that came into existence ; and the discontent caused by the wholesale dismissal of State employees enjoined by Mr. Dodge last year seemed to them a golden opportunity to enlarge their power. But the orgy of sabotage on the railways and riots which they provoked disgusted the Japanese public, which was further alienated last January by the pointed interest shown by Russia in the communists' programme of action, and by the violent insubordination of the 2,000 Japanese war prisoners whom Russia recently sent home after steeping them in Marxism. Since the elections in June the banning from all share in public life of the whole communist executive, ordered by General MacArthur, has reduced the party to impotence. Opinions are divided as to its future. But short of some world upheaval involving Japan, it is very difficult to picture her the prey of a political system so alien to all her history, instincts and training.

Another feature of the June elections was the remarkable success of the socialists in winning 61 seats with twice as many votes as a year ago. Herein one may perhaps see some fruits of the American teaching of " de-mok-ra-sie ". In the main Japan has never understood that teaching, and as General MacArthur resigns the

management of affairs into her own hands and her own prosperity rises she quietly puts it aside. Yet something sticks. The marked development of liberal thought in Japan throughout the 1920's is not to be forgotten, and it seems very unlikely that Japan will revert to control by an ultra-conservative group—there are no more soldiers now to enforce it as in the 1930's. The tendency of political life seems rather towards a fairly advanced Liberalism (nominally Socialism) and the fairly circumspect Conservatism (voiced by nominally democratic liberals) of Mr. Yoshida's supporters. Japan was ever quick to learn from abroad, and while she is puzzled (and irritated) by the over-zealous rank and file of the prophets of American democracy, defeat and the spirit of the age have certainly taught her much.

No people can be more dismayed by the outbreak of the northern Koreans than the Japanese. So high were their hopes of an early peace treaty, so confident their belief in their own deserts, that voices were heard demanding the return of the Ryukyu islands as "historically" Japanese-owned, and even protesting against America's retention of bases in Japan, which, in view of Japan's defencelessness, the American defence chiefs would certainly have insisted on. There was some demur to Mr. Yoshida's announcement, just before the June elections, that Japan was ready to sign a peace treaty with anyone willing to recognize her as an equal, but it was not strong enough to have had any weight. Among the speculations as to why Russia has let loose the northern Koreans on the south, one has not seen it suggested that the intention was to frustrate America's design for a peace treaty without Russian and Chinese signatures. If so, it certainly seems to have succeeded. To-day the Japanese are no more thinking of peace : their prevailing anxiety is to avoid being involved in the Korean mess.

One question, however, must ere long be squarely faced, with or without a peace treaty. That is the appalling increase in Japanese population, already over 80 millions and rising by an average of 1,500,000 a year. It is calculated that the Japanese islands can support in reasonable sufficiency of life not above 50 millions, and there seems little room now to enlarge her cultivable area. Emigration is the only apparent answer, and certainly there are waste lands overseas that would accommodate them. But even if the owners of those lands were willing to admit the Japanese, the size of the fleet required to carry off Japan's annual increase of population would be staggering. The whole problem has been repeatedly glanced at but no real attempt has been made to solve it. Yet it has only to be stated to show that somehow an answer must be found.

What becomes on reflection more and more clear is that settlement

with Japan and settlement with Korea must go hand in hand—indeed if possible it should reach still further afield. At the time of writing the ultimate issue in Korea is uncertain. First, the Americans must drive the northern Koreans back over the 38th parallel. It must be shown that aggression cannot be allowed. But however much the north might be weakened, a mere restoration of the *status quo* is no settlement. Japan and Korea are so closely linked by nature and history that they have inevitably been thought of as twin outposts against the spread of Communism. But to continue to think on those lines merely means the prolonging of military occupation and in the end more war. A new approach to the whole problem is imperative.

The first step surely is to ascertain what Communism really means, in Korea, China, Indo-China and elsewhere in Asia. There is much reason to think that the adulation of Russia is superficial and that Communism is only Nationalism " writ large ". It feeds on the poverty and hunger of the voiceless millions, and the ultimate cure is a better living for them. But schemes of economic aid must continue to be hampered until order is restored and some degree of harmony. Is it beyond the resources of statesmanship to bring the rival factions together to evolve among themselves an acceptable system of government for their respective countries ? In its heart the East may dread Russian expansionism, which has a bad record in Asia, hardly less than does the West. " Asia's affairs," said Mao Tze-tung recently, " must be managed by Asians themselves." There appears no other way.

# THE MYTH OF THE TWO SPAINS

By R. M. Nadal

A CURSORY view of some of the outstanding features of modern Spanish history can hardly avoid leaving an unfavourable impression. The events of nineteenth century Spain especially make painful reading. There were long spells of absolutism broken by short-lived liberal governments, victims of their inefficiency and blind attachment to theories ; a series of *pronunciamientos* aimed at the installation or suppression of 'democratic' régimes ; civil wars in which the cleavage between the two Spains found violent expression; a succession of constitutions which seemed to justify the saying that constitution-making is the favourite Spanish pastime, and in foreign relations, the intervention of the Holy Alliance in 1823 to reinstall Ferdinand VII, and the catastrophic war with the United States in 1898. The twentieth century offers a picture hardly less discouraging ; political assassinations and anarchist outbreaks in industrial and agricultural districts ; successive crises in the Moroccan protectorate, reaching a climax in 1921 with the revolt of Abd-el-Krim and the defeat of the Spanish army ; in 1923 the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, mild in many aspects, but putting the clock back to the nineteenth century ; seven years after a new *pronunciamiento* converting the cold war of the Second Republic into the hot strife of another civil war with foreign intervention, ending in a neo-totalitarian dictatorship, and war and dictatorship more embittered than any in the sad history of nineteenth century Spain.

When the partisans of the present Spanish régime argue that Parliamentary democracy is not an article for export to the Peninsula, that on the other side of the Pyrenees liberalism degenerates into libertinism, that whatever the failings of a dictatorship it is at least able to maintain peace and order among a people anarchical by nature, that social and economic injustice have always been distinctive features of the country—the general reader, little acquainted with Spanish history, may be tempted to agree with this propagandist viewpoint. Yet an impartial study of the history of Spain from the eighteenth century onwards may well reveal a long struggle to incorporate the country into modern Europe, a striving for freedom within the law, an urge towards tolerance and the " common life " (the untranslatable *convivencia*). But it has been more than a struggle and a search. Interposed between the ugly features which

so attract the attention of the casual reader of Spanish history there stand out two periods of progress and reform marked precisely by *convivencia* and the rule of law. One was in the eighteenth century with the mild despotism of the Age of Enlightenment, flourishing under Ferdinand VI and Charles III, only to decline sharply under Charles IV. The other, even more impressive in many aspects, covered the period 1874-1936, swerving to the right under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera in 1923, and then to the left under the Republic installed in 1931.

Are we to consider these periods as a result of the pressure of foreign ideas or as a return to a national tradition rudely interrupted ? Much light on this and other Spanish problems is to be found in a short book by Sr. Menéndez Pidal recently translated into English*. With all the authority of this greatest living historian of Spanish culture, we are presented with this conclusive statement : " The struggle between different tendencies should be carefully noted . . . but to the truce in the struggle, when the two opposing forces managed to unite in harmony, we owe the most fruitful moments of our national life."

Sr. Menéndez Pidal contemplates with a mixture of nostalgic pride and hopeful confidence some of those fruitful moments—the Hispanic century of the Roman Empire, stretching from Mela and Seneca to Trajan and Hadrian ; the Spain of Saint Isidore, under whose influence was produced the last flowering of Latin Mediterranean culture. Later we meet with Alfonso VI in whose reign was initiated the substitution of Visigothic script by French. In the days of Alfonso VII Archbishop Raymond of Toledo encouraged the founding of schools where Arab, Jewish and Christian scholars collaborated in a series of works, which when communicated to the learned centres of Europe, opened a new era in medieval science. Later came the extraordinary figure of Alfonso X " the Learned ". In his court he gathered the scholars of the three religions, eager to sift the wisdom of the East as of the West. He was the first European king interested in secularizing culture ; his works were translated into French and had an influence on Dante, his astronomical tables were studied in Europe and noted by Copernicus himself.

Thus the twelfth and thirteenth centuries constitute what Sr. Pidal calls one of the peak points in the history of Spain. Then, as before and after, the underlying character is tolerance. In those centuries Spain assimilated the influence both from the East and from Europe, establishing a link between the heterogeneous cultures of Christendom and Islam. There is no better symbol of that period than the exquisite miniature found in Alfonso X's *Cantigas de Santa*

* R. Menéndez Pidal, *The Spaniards in their History*. Translated by Walter Starkie. Hollis and Carter. 16s.

*María* of which Professor Starkie reminds us in his introductory essay. " The more elaborate miniature gives us a vivid picture of the court at a moment of great literary activity. The King is seated on his throne, holding a book in his hands and dictating to the scribes who are at his feet, a short distance away are the clerics . . . then still further, the minstrels with their instruments. The minstrels are not only Christian but also Moorish and Jewish."

Following on this, Sr. Pidal sees a period of gradual decadence caused by the break-up of the middle ages, reaching its nadir in the reign of the degenerate Henry IV, but succeeded by the amazing renaissance under the Catholic kings. Acutely he points out the reasons for such a dramatic change : the selective powers of both Isabel and Ferdinand, and their firmness in choosing the right man for the right place, indifferent to their personal sympathies or to the personal opinions of the one chosen. Their action led to the re-establishment of the rule of law ; to the conquest of Granada and the discovery of America ; to the reform of religious institutions under Cisneros ; the admission of the middle class into high administrative posts, and the anti-isolationist policy which attracted to Spain all the modern currents of European thought. Evidence of this last is a decree of 1480 enacting that works of the intellect should be imported into the country free of customs dues.

Ranging over the centuries thus described, the reader will find a certain difficulty in discovering the historical basis for the modern struggle between the two Spains. So far from tolerance and *convivencia* being rare in Spain they appear almost as national characteristics. The periods of depression to which Sr. Pidal refers as " long low waves " are not much longer or lower than in any other country of Europe. One is tempted to say, with all respect, that in dealing with the theme of the two Spains Sr. Pidal shows signs of suffering from " occupational disease ".

This most brilliant scholar, whose books have won him a world-wide reputation as a medievalist, has applied to *The Spaniards in their History* the same method used in tracing the origins and development of the Spanish ballads. Though fully aware that all national qualities are " as it were two-faced " and that " although the characteristics survive through the centuries this does not mean that they are unchangeable," Sr. Menéndez Pidal sets himself to show how the fundamentally Spanish features as seen in connection with to-day's problems, have been present through every period of the nation's history. His unmatched knowledge of Spanish literature and history is brought to such topics as " Moral and Material Austerity ", " Idealism ", " Individualism ", and " Centralization and Regionalism ". (For a proper understanding of the so-called Catalan problem nothing could be better than Sr. Pidal's book). But to one

reader he is not so convincing in the chapter devoted to the burning question of the two Spains. One ventures to suggest that the violent clash between tradition and progress, between isolationists and Europeanizers, far from being a constant of Spanish history, is a comparatively modern phenomenon due exclusively to the violent upheaval produced in Spanish history by the Reform and Counter-Reform. Therein lies the root of a cleavage that has cost nineteenth and twentieth-century Spain so much blood and tears. Of course it is possible to find in the history of Spain previous to the sixteenth century examples of a clash between the spirit of tradition and that of reform because it is a clash which is present in the history of every nation and, as Unamuno never tired of saying, in the mind of each individual. But that would not seem to be the origin or character of the conflict between the two Spains.

The implanting of religious intolerance—source of all forms of intolerance in Spain—begins at the end of the fifteenth century : expulsion of the Jews, enforced baptism of the Moors of Granada, and, in contrast to the confident optimism of twenty years before, what amounted to a censorship on books in 1502. At the beginning the censorship was mild, and a case could also be made for the sad measures against Jews and Moors. They were inspired not by racial hatred but by the fact that the unity of the Catholic faith was almost the sole basis of the modern Spanish State recently created.

Aiming at the spiritual unity of Europe, the Emperor Charles V embarked Spain on the great crusade of the Counter-Reform which had such disastrous results on the future of the country ; disastrous not so much because it failed, or because in the subsequent wars Spain lost her European hegemony, as because when defeated in Europe the Counter-Reform movement turned against Spain herself all its energy and combative spirit. Nobody, saint, priest, monk or laic (however fervent a Catholic he might be), was sure of escaping accusations of weakening the faith. A most rigid censorship raised a wall between Spain and Europe. The cultural isolation of the country was accomplished. If in spite of all this the cultural greatness of Spain took place during the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries it was due, as Sr. Pidal remarks, to the fact that at the beginning " the withdrawal from the rest of Europe, no matter how active it was, only existed in matters that touched high politics and religion, while in the general sphere of culture the isolation tendency did not prevail until a late period." When the full effects of the isolation were properly felt by the generations brought up under such conditions—about the '30's of the seventeenth century—the cultural decline of Spain equalled her political decadence.

The coming of the Bourbons in 1700 and the consequent War of Succession with British, French and Austrian armies fighting on

Spanish soil brought about a change of atmosphere. Then began the eighteenth century struggle against intolerance and isolation to which reference has been made. The absolutist and bureaucratic State sought the alliance of science. Science, not exactly anti-religious but independent of the Church, began to emerge as a new power, and an *élite* was called on to share in the functions of government formerly performed by theologians and jurists. Soon the effect was visible throughout the country, and drastic reforms were carried out under the rule of Ferdinand VI and Carlos III. But in the Church itself signs of a change of attitude were not lacking. The great promoter of reforms and tolerance in the country was a Benedictine, Fray Jerónimo de Feijóo, a man of encyclopaedic knowledge, a true forerunner of the modern Christian Democrats. With undaunted courage he fought against superstition and ignorance, and in favour of cultural contact with the rest of the world. The dream of those select spirits who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries clamoured for a strongly Catholic, yet tolerant Spain, seemed about to be realized. There was every hope that the transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century would be smoothly accomplished, but the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars had effects in Spain more disastrous than elsewhere. The Revolution frightened the rulers, barriers were once more raised against Europe, and the partisans of isolation gained the upper hand. The Napoleonic wars threw the country into a turmoil. The survivors of the Age of Enlightenment found themselves faced with the appearance of uneducated masses as a political force. Soon they were overcome by those whom they wanted to serve. Eighteenth century *convivencia* came to an end, and the clash between extremes filled the stage during the greater part of the nineteenth century.

One cannot help feeling that the phrase "The Two Spains", coined by the arch-romantic Larra, is apt to degenerate into a cliché. It postulates an unbridgeable division which one finds hard to accept, even bearing in mind the struggles of the nineteenth century and the present state of affairs. In periods when extremists are in power it has always been possible to detect amongst many who seem to conform a genuine desire for peace and collaboration, checked only by the fear of being accused of deviationist activities. An opportunity to work in harmony was afforded to Spain after the restoration of the monarchy in 1874, not because of its monarchical basis, but simply because the new constitution of 1875, with all its defects, gave the nation 50 years of internal peace based on tolerance and the rule of law. This is the second of the two modern periods of *convivencia* previously referred to. In those 50 years the progress made by Spain almost amounts to a renaissance, all the more striking because it followed a long struggle.

The great advance in the field of literature is generally recognized. But this was only part of a wider movement which covered all forms of cultural activity. In painting and music the output was equally remarkable. The work of the universities and other centres of learning showed fine fruits of scholarship. And it is perhaps in this field that we find the best proof of the possibility of minds of the most opposing tendencies uniting in harmonious effort. Even in the very different political field, the clashes between opponents in the Spanish Cortes were perhaps a little more violent than in the British Parliament but certainly no more so than in the French Chamber. It must not be overlooked that the same period witnessed striking developments in the economic and social aspects of national life.

Accepting this picture of a period of harmony, too often ignored by supporters of the present régime, we have then to ask what events led to the disruption which followed. Broadly put, the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, possibly against his will, led to an extremism of the right ; the Republic, to the disappointment of many sincere supporters, threw itself into the arms of the extreme left. It may be seriously advanced that this situation would not necessarily have led to open conflict had it not been for the re-appearance of the ghost that has haunted Spain at intervals since she lost her European hegemony—foreign intervention. A typically Spanish issue was over-shadowed by international implications. During the civil war one side believed that the fight was for independence against Communism; their opponents were equally convinced that the struggle was for freedom against fascist totalitarianism. When the civil war ended and foreign intervention abated it soon became clear that the control of the nation was passing to forces which could hardly represent even the victors' side. Confined in the strait-jacket of modern totalitarianism, the spiritual heirs of sixteenth and seventeenth century intolerance were again at work.

Imbued with a deep sense of his nation's history Sr. Menéndez Pidal is anything but a pessimist. Discussing the transformation that took place under the Catholic kings he underlines that it was achieved among the very generations which—silent perforce—had lived in the corruption of Henry IV's reign. In the very Spain of to-day—perhaps interpreting the feelings of many of his compatriots unable to voice them—the venerable figure of Sr. Pidal, with 80 years of untiring work for culture behind him, has been able to raise his voice, not for any party or political creed, but for freedom within the law and for " toleration, that priceless fruit of the experience of the noblest peoples."

(*Señor R. M. Nadal is Lecturer in Spanish at King's College, University of London.*)

# COLOUR CHAOS IN SOUTH AFRICA

By C. W. M. Gell

THE controversy over the marriage of Seretse Khama and a series of riots in and around Johannesburg during the last few months have directed the attention of the world to South Africa's racial policy. In the Union itself there is a growing concern on the part of individuals to find some way of overcoming the ever increasing distrust with which the coloured races regard the white. It is unfair to judge all white South Africans by the policies of the two major political parties, although it is of course these which are the chief cause of the present unrest.

The declared policy of the Nationalist party at present in power is "*apartheid*", which appears to mean segregation. But any attempt to extract a more precise definition meets with studied vagueness and contradictory explanation. *Apartheid* was, in fact, an effective battle-cry for an irresponsible minority but something of a liability when the Nationalists surprisingly found themselves in power in 1948.

The measures taken by the Government during the last two years to implement this policy amount to a number of small administrative pin-pricks—the suppression of Indian representation (which the Indians had always boycotted), separate entrances and exits at the railway stations, separate seating in trains and buses (where this did not already exist), separate counters in the post offices. These in themselves might have aroused little resentment ; although it must have been exasperating for the girl of coloured parents who was recently ordered to the tail of the European queue in a post office after reaching the head of the coloured one, because she looked white.

Even the prohibition of inter-racial marriage by an Act directly affects few people, although there are many South Africans who believe it to be morally indefensible. The demand for inter-marriage from either side of the colour bar is extremely small and it is not now commonly remembered that the first people to object to Seretse's then proposed marriage with Ruth Williams were the regent and elders of the Bamangwato with a unanimity which was only much later broken. The Mixed Marriages Act will interfere most with the relations between poor whites and half-castes—what are known in the Union

as " coloureds "—and even here formal marriages are not common. In the great rush before the Act came into force the highest daily number of such marriages in the large city of Durban was reported to be five. It is generally conceded that the Act gives legislative sanction to an attitude common to black and white, and inevitable in a country where the offspring of such unions are ostracized by both races. Together with an amendment to the Morality Act, making illegal all unmarried intercourse between the races, it is an attempt to stabilize the "coloured" population at their present number of just under one million.

How such legislation can be enforced is yet to be proved and the Mixed Marriages Act has already led to a test case. It was found impossible in the Act to define a coloured person. Any attempt to do so by tracing descent through several generations would cause great embarrassment to many well-established " European " families, and the Minister announced in Parliament that, if a person looked European and habitually associated with Europeans, he or she might be so regarded. Relying on this, a Roman Catholic priest married a woman to a white man, although he knew her father was coloured. He has been fined £20 by the magistrate and the appeal is pending.

The Act has been uniformly condemned by all clergy outside the Dutch Reformed Church on the grounds that it puts them as marriage officers in an impossible position and some have even gone so far as to hand in their licences. As to the amendment to the Morality Act, the English press in the Union has given wide publicity to the recent statement of the Archbishop of Cape Town that, while all churchmen regard extra-marital relations as sinful, not all sins should be made into crimes by the law.

But these comparatively petty infringements of individual freedom and equality before the law derive their real significance from what is thought to be the underlying policy of the Nationalists. The logical outcome of *apartheid* would be complete territorial, social and economic segregation, and to the credit more of its moral than its practical sense the Dutch Reformed Church, which might be described as the keeper of the Government's conscience, has just pronounced in favour of such an extreme measure. But Dr. Malan has countered this by an immediate denial that he intends any such thing and, as a humorist has remarked, his supporters now know where they never stood. Indeed it would be highly unrealistic to expect the European population to give up sufficient land to create a viable Bantustan or to deprive themselves voluntarily of low-paid native labour on which all South African industry and agriculture depend, even if the natives were to agree to live in permanent quarantine.

The ineffaceable impression, therefore, remains—and it is almost daily reinforced by the speeches of Nationalist leaders—that the

basic policy of their party is to preserve the " *baaskap* ", the mastery of the white people, by the permanent economic and social subjugation of the coloured races and the removal from them of even those few political rights they possess. Thus, and also because it will increase the Nationalists' chances in five to ten Cape constituencies Dr. Malan proposes, when he can overcome Mr. Havenga's scruples about the " entrenched clauses " or dispense with his support, to remove " coloured " voters from the common roll in the Cape Province—a legacy from the liberal pre-Union Cape Parliament—— and to abolish the three European M.P.s who represent the Cape natives and, not unnaturally, habitually oppose the Nationalists. To the same end, natives may not form trade unions—they are not eligible for membership of the white men's unions—and skilled native workmen are only to be allowed to work for and among their own people, ostensibly for the benefit of the native community but really to prevent them competing with more expensive white labour. Indeed, economic *apartheid* has gone so far as to exclude natives from even the menial of Government services, such as cleaners and messengers—a form of extravagance (for no white man would work for a native's wage) which the country's strained economy cannot at present afford. The converse, the exclusion of white men from, say, the positions of drivers and conductors in native buses, is not however enforced and the natives are represented on the administrations of their own locations (townships) in an advisory capacity only.

The policy of the United party, led by General Smuts, is based on the report of the Fagan Commission. But this report is neither well known nor much understood, and it cannot compare as an electoral argument or as an appeal to native opinion with the suggestive, if not very explicit, slogan of *apartheid.* In fact, it is doubtful if the United party really has a policy, being apparently driven from expedient to expedient under the pressure of necessity. Even its general attitude of paternal benevolence towards the coloured races is suspect and its record suggests that its concessions to the underprivileged are often without much practical substance.

Actually there is little difference between the basic aims of the Nationalists and the United party on the racial issue. The Nationalists are the more consistent, the more brutal in application and, perhaps the more certain to bring racial conflict in the near future. Their open hostility to any advance by the natives is forcing the latter to become politically-minded and may, if applied long enough, bring a measure of unity to the numerous Bantu tribes and factions. The United party seeks the same objective of perpetuating white dominance by the possibly more successful and rather less inhumane method of yielding slightly when the pressure mounts—the traditional rearguard action of the British conservative. Where the Nationalists

provoke active antagonism, the United party tries to mollify, ameliorate or turn aside ; but, if the one may postpone the outburst rather longer than the other, it is very doubtful if either can prevent it. Neither party appears to recognize practically that the value of white civilization does not lie in its whiteness, but in its ethical qualities. Unless a policy has a declared and reasonable objective, how can it command the confidence of the repressed majority ?

Here lies the stumbling block for any liberal native policy in South Africa. There are many Afrikaans as well as English speaking South Africans who profoundly disapprove of the Nationalist policy and do not find that of the opposition much more hopeful. The correspondence over the Seretse affair displayed a surprising liberality side by side with the most emotional and unreflecting prejudice. But the liberals are voices crying in the wilderness of fear, mistrust and selfish interests—yes, even of hatred. Their appeal to treat the natives as men, capable of cultural and social advance and eventually of political responsibility, is answered with contempt for the *kaffirs* or is misrepresented as Communism or Socialism, which are anathema to a primarily individualistic and conservative white population. Even the Labour party is confined to white or privileged labour and is not, therefore, socialist. No one whose programme ultimately envisages equal or parallel rights for the coloured races, stands the least chance of election in the average South African constituency. The late Jan Hofmeyr was an exception, and the denunciation of his native policy by the Nationalists lost the United Party many votes in 1948, even from among those who usually supported it. It is this steady refusal of the overwhelming mass of the South African electorate to see that some of the lessons of India, Indonesia, Viet-Nam and even Nigeria and the Gold Coast might apply to them, that engenders pessimism about the future of race relations in the Union.

In explanation, if not extenuation, of this attitude, it must be stressed that South Africa does not present an exact parallel with any of these countries. The same attitude is becoming evident in the Rhodesias and, with much less justification, in the East African colonies. For in the Union white men have been resident for as long as the present Bantu tribes ; both European and Bantu won the country by conquest from the original bushmen and Hottentots, and finally fought each other. Unlike the British in India or West Africa, South Africa is the home of its white population and has been so for many generations. On all historical grounds the country belongs both to black and white. In India the British were less than one in every two thousand : in South Africa almost one in every four is a white man. There is no indigenous civilization and the social and cultural atmosphere is that of a white country served by helots. Naturally the existing civilization would be endangered if a vastly

preponderant coloured population, mostly uneducated and irresponsible, were suddenly enfranchised.

But, whatever the extremists may allege, no sensible person advocates that. Equally, it is becoming obvious that there is no stability in the *status quo*. The visibly increasing tension in the Rand towns which has thrice already this year culminated in bloodshed (on May Day twenty natives were killed in a series of riots and acts of hooliganism and an ever larger force of white men will be needed to prevent repetitions) must show to all but the wilfully blind that something is very wrong. Frustration, homelessness, the consequences of illicit liquor selling by those who may buy spirits to those who may not, political agitation and often plain criminality are exacerbated by the calculated and aggressive hostility of the ruling politicians and the frequently insulting and brutal behaviour of the police, whose very difficult task is made no easier by having always to appear as the agents of racial oppression.

Certainly much could be done by the avoidance of needless discourtesy and by purely economic measures such as better housing and sanitation for the locations. But the history of all other States ruled by a racial minority suggests that the demand for better economic treatment and opportunity will inevitably be followed immediately by the demand for political rights as the only effective safeguard for fair economic treatment ; and, secondly, that the only possibility, of averting violence and prolonged ill-feeling is to direct one's policy towards a declared objective.

What is required is to recapture the trust and confidence of the coloured peoples : to secure their co-operation and assistance, which is impossible if the Government refuses to meet their representatives, in devising a progressive educational programme, in a much wider sense than the mere achievement of literacy, to make the natives gradually into ethical and responsible citizens. What is lacking is the money, of course ; but, more fundamentally, an honest acceptance of the objective and the recognition by a sufficiently influential number of white South Africans of the moral obligation and the practical long-term advantages of such a policy. Without such purpose, and an abundance of patient good-will, the problem must remain insoluble and charged with tragic potentialities.

(*The author, a retired Indian Civil Servant, writes from South Africa where he lives.*)

# IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

## By An English Visitor

IT was while I was in Canada recently—on my first visit—that I was told of the English parents who during the war evacuated their small son to Vancouver, B.C., and cabled his hosts : " Please meet John on disembarkation at Halifax." To which request came the reply : " Meet him yourselves ; you're nearer." True or apocryphal, the story serves to drive home the idea of the enormous size of Canada. " Canada is a *very* large country," Canadians keep on telling a newly-arrived visitor. " Larger even than the United States," they frequently add, with apparent inconsequence but evident satisfaction.

I was at first puzzled by this emphasis upon size. Certainly, Canada is huge. But there is no particular virtue in hugeness as such ; and to the uninstructed visitor from England who has been conditioned from birth to the belief that a landscape should consist entirely of buildings and cultivated land, quite a distressing amount of Canada—even in those parts where railways run—seems to be just a regrettable hiatus, mere waste space, of no conceivable use to anyone for any purpose. But that, as I was quickly to learn, is the profoundest of errors.

Any Canadian can tell the uninstructed English visitor that absolutely every square yard of those millions of acres of apparently good-for-nothing land is a potential gold mine. Not literally gold, of course, though that is always possible, as witness Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories, but mineral wealth of one kind or another, in great quantity and of high quality. In particular, oil. In the Western Provinces, within five minutes of the start of any conversation you will be told about the discovery of oil in Alberta, and of what this is going to mean to Canada. And you will be told that it is not only in Alberta that there is oil, that prospecting is going on in Saskatchewan on a scale unparalleled in history, not just speculatively, but because " the opinion of experts is that all the signs point to rich oil resources being present." And in southern Manitoba, too.

Always it is oil that is mentioned first. But you will be told also of the vast deposit—how vast no one yet knows—of high-grade iron ore that runs, perhaps for hundreds of miles, along the Quebec-

Labrador boundary. And you will be told that Premier Joseph R. Smallwood of Newfoundland is openly staking his political future on the exploitation of this and the discovery of similar rich mineral deposits in Canada's tenth province.

Gradually, as I listened, it seemed to me that the pieces began to fit together, so that I came to understand (or to think I did) why Canadians talk so much about the size of their country. No part of the reason is a mere childish delight in bigness. I would say it is compounded chiefly of three elements: anticipation, pride, and relief. Of these the last is, I should think, quite the least important ; yet there must be, I imagine, in the minds of many Canadians the thought that their huge areas of barren land need no longer be written off as permanent financial millstones hung round the nation's economic neck : great spaces where no one can live because nothing will grow, yet through which must be driven, and thereafter maintained, expensive and unprofitable roads and railways.

No, these waste lands are going to be very, very rich ; hence the joyful anticipation. These assets, when fully developed, will make Canada what every Canadian ardently desires it shall be—a wealthy, powerful, and completely adult nation.

It is hard to describe adequately the pride Canadians feel in their country. You thrill to this feeling as you stand with them while they sing *Oh Canada*. You sense it in the eager way in which they ask you if you like Canada, and in their unfeigned delight when you reply, echoing their own words : " It's a grand country ! " You understand it perhaps most of all when chance-met acquaintances tell you, in the privacy of a train, an aeroplane, or a hotel bedroom, how they have " made good " in this land of freedom where the sky is the only limit for individual initiative and enterprise.

Which brings me to the most important point of all. Above everything else these new discoveries, actual and to come, represent to Canadians a challenge. One does not have to be very long in Canada to realize how welcome that challenge is, and how eagerly Canadians are taking it up. Rightly or wrongly, I seemed to find the key to their response in another sentence I was constantly hearing from Canadian lips : " Canada is a very *young* country." Occasionally, these words were meant as apology for immaturities and crudities Canadians felt to be evident in the national life, especially on its cultural side. But far more often they seemed to me to mean : " Yes, a young country, and therefore not yet come into its strength. But wait until it does ! " And there is everywhere, so far as I could judge, a superb confidence that Canada is on the point of coming into her strength.

There are obstacles to be overcome. The main ones are lack of population and lack of financial resources. The two are, of course,

closely linked. Over and over again I was told how many more people Canada wanted, and almost always in nearly the same words. " We may be 14 millions by the next census " (due in 1951) ; " we could do with 50 millions." (I don't think the second figure has any special significance ; it's just a round figure, large enough to strike the imagination and point the contrast between the actual and the ideal, yet not too large to be completely outside the realm of practical politics.)

Although the Canadian population, especially the Roman Catholic part of it, is increasing steadily by natural causes, every Canadian knows that the optimum population for the country can come about in his lifetime—or in that of his children—by one means alone : large-scale immigration. And every Canadian I met was eager for this to take place. And for it to include a very considerable British element. (Admittedly, the Canadians among whom I moved were largely of British stock.) Two-thirds British immigrants and one-third from other countries was an estimate I heard more than once. And over and over again I was asked : " Why does Britain make it so difficult for her people to emigrate to Canada ? "—referring, of course, to the restrictions* imposed in 1948 on the export of sterling to the dollar area. According to what I was told, the present regulations make it virtually impossible for families to emigrate, because they will simply be unable to get anywhere to live. If you have the money, I was assured, you can quickly build a house anywhere in Canada ; if you haven't, your chances of getting a home are almost nil.

But alongside this very warm desire to have a considerable proportion, if not a majority, of immigrants from " the old country " I heard expressed grave doubts as to how present-day British immigrants would " fit ". Apparently, you either " fit " in Canada or you don't; if you do, everything in the garden will be lovely, but if you don't the only thing to do is to pack up at once and go back whence you came. The term " fit " seemed to me to have two quite distinct connotations. The first, and much the easier to understand, has reference to occupation. When Canadians talk about large-scale immigration the last thing they have in mind is unselective immigration. On the contrary, in precise terms, they want miners, lumberers, and farmers, in that order, with perhaps a few highly skilled technicians and craftsmen to help with the starting and development of the secondary industries Canada needs so badly.

In other words, in the main they want ' he-men ' : men capable of heavy and sustained manual labour ; men who are prepared to rough it out in a mining or lumbering camp, or to start from scratch

* These have been somewhat relaxed, though the total amount (£1,000) which may be taken has not been increased.

(literally) on second- or third-rate agricultural land and create thereon farms that will pay. (The Ukrainian immigrants near Winnipeg are doing this last most successfully, and earning great respect thereby from their fellow Canadians.) And they want women who will be prepared to share with their husbands all the hardships of the early stages. Now many Canadians seem to think that we in Britain have gone all soft and urbanized, and so would be unable to stand up to either the Canadian climate or Canadian work. It is a curiously unanalysed belief ; people who express it are ready almost in the same breath to voice awestruck admiration for the way in which we " stuck it " during the war. More than one of them told me Canadians could never have endured our privations.

I never experienced during my five weeks in Canada the slightest direct antagonism to the present British Government ; in fact, the prevailing opinion was that Labour had done " a damned good job " in most difficult circumstances. But I did again and again meet a vague sort of suggestion that the " Welfare State " might be in large part responsible for this alleged softness of our physical fibre, and of our moral fibre too, for the implication seemed to be that our young men and women would not be able to face the hardships of primitive living and back-aching toil even if they had the muscle to do so. Naturally I did my utmost to reassure the doubters about the British capacity to be tough. I pointed out that most of us were but two or three generations removed from the soil, and suggested that our urban veneer only thinly concealed the stoutest of yeoman stock. I hinted that in two world wars British troops had not shown themselves notably less able to endure hardships than others.

I found people very willing to listen and even to be convinced. It was therefore most unfortunate that just as I was in the thick of it the press right across Canada began to feature prominently a summary of the Birmingham survey *Eighty Thousand Adolescents* which emphasized all its depressing conclusions. This seemed to confirm the doubts of my Canadian friends, not all of whom were able to understand my explanation that it was because these kids were cooped up in cities and denied all opportunity of real adventure that they were so aimless and apathetic. Perhaps the lack of comprehension was due to the fact that Canadian cities are so much more physically spacious than ours. Or perhaps a Canadian youngster who feels cooped in simply moves out. Canada still has an expanding frontier.

The other connotation of " fit " is far more difficult to explain. It is easy enough to say that it means " get on well with the chaps " but extraordinarily difficult to suggest exactly what qualities the Canadians have in mind as adding up to a " good mixer ". Perhaps it is because they are—or seem to a visitor—so exceptionally easy-going and easy to get on with themselves. I can, however, assert

with confidence one attribute they will not tolerate. They are terribly afraid that English immigrants (the fear does not, apparently, extend to Scots, Irish, or Welsh) will affect to be " superior ". Unfortunately, there is much more basis to this fear than most of us in England care to admit. It is undoubtedly one of our national failings to regard all people born outside Britain as " lesser breeds without the law," and the failing is all the more deadly because the attitude is often quite unconscious even when most evident. I have often been indignant, for example, when in Germany I have seen fellow-countrymen of mine listen with barely concealed impatience to a German explaining the workings of a German institution, until they could stand it no longer, and had to burst out with : " Now, of course how we do it in Britain is this . . ."

That sort of thing simply will not do in Canada. Canadians won't take it from a visitor ; in an immigrant it is fatal. This is not to say that they are uninterested in how we do it in Britain ; on the contrary, they are intensely interested, but they are interested in it objectively, as a different way of life. They are not prepared to admit that there is any way of life in the world superior to their own. Yet they are well aware that their way of life is still in the making. And perhaps that is a main reason why they are so insistent that anyone coming to make his or her home in Canada must be prepared, not merely to accept the Canadian way of life, but to become an integral part of it and to be as proud of it as any native-born Canadian. I even heard it suggested that it was not a good thing for immigrants to make, or even to plan to make, holiday visits to the country whence they derived. They should make a clean cut, once for all : forget that they were English, Poles, Ukrainians, Chinese, or what you will, and be simply and solidly " good Canadians ".

Is there any element of insecurity among the ingredients which go to make and sustain this variously expressed Canadian pride in Canada ? I have no right to express an opinion, my tour was so brief ; but if this conjecture be correct, can there be any doubt as to the cause of the feeling ? It is impossible not to notice how frequently so many Canadians look, not fearfully but rather enviously over their shoulders at the United States, which has so many people, so much money, such fine roads, such glittering opportunities . . .

Recently some press notices in Great Britain laid emphasis on alleged signs that Canada wanted to break away from the British connection ; the writers would have been much better occupied in noting how inflexibly determined Canada is not to become in any way a dependency of the United States. The warmest friendship exists between the two peoples, but—I quote a Canadian*—" always these two points of view have persisted : our desire to emulate the

* Dr. Anna M. Robinson, in *The Commonwealth and Empire Review*, April 1950.

Americans, and our even stronger desire not to be dominated politically, economically, or culturally, by them."

If anything of the feeling of insecurity which I imagined I sensed persists it has its roots in a dual fear : of the consequences of the huge and increasing invasion of Canada by American capital, and of the lure the United States has for young Canadians of intelligence and ability. But, if a transient visitor may express an opinion, I believe the feeling to be passing and that it is being replaced by that superb confidence in the future of Canada which I have tried to indicate throughout this article. Canadians are convinced that Canada is, as Mr. Douglas Dodds-Parker put it recently in a letter to *The Times*, " the country which has probably the greatest potential for development in the world "—except that most of them would omit the word " probably ". In that faith they are going forward unafraid of any rivals or competitors.

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## ACCIDIE

By Gordon Symes

OH, more than in autumn, madly flinging
Her darling assets of youth to the winds
—Than in winter, who frigidly binds
Frail hopes to the earth—is a man bowed down by the space and
Age of his travels, now, in the mists beleaguering
This no-man's land of the seasons.

Most strangely are towns translated. Their traffic
Breathes like a sigh. Shops' faces strain through a false
Twilight like tears. The sky bends down too close.
Men's eyes quarry the pavement or would disentangle
From distance something ominous, as if
Stone walls held back the jungle.

We are galled with queer regrets, as momentary
Rains scribble the streets, for a wind to wipe
Blank from sight. Old wars, passions, migrations,
And worships, older than conscience, suddenly
Ache in our bones. And the heart's orientation
Is not towards spring, but sleep.

# UNESCO AND PEACE

By Owen Hickey

BUT for the Director General's surprising behaviour at the end, the fifth general conference of Unesco, which took place in Florence last month, would have passed without excitement. Having been going for nearly five years the organization has settled upon its main lines of work, and general conferences have become largely occasions for scrutiny and confirmation. Not that self criticism or new ideas are lacking, but these on the whole fall within the determined policy. The inevitable eruption over the representation of China had been weathered, unbrotherly exchanges between Israel and Iraq had been almost stopped, and business was being dispatched with the courtesy and care befitting such a learned gathering when the Director General, Dr. Torres Bodet, interrupted one of the committees, when the conference was within five days of finishing, and announced explosively that he had lost confidence in the organization as it now operates and that he intended to resign.

The consternation was sad to witness. For two days work was virtually suspended while the leaders of the conference negotiated and conferred (skilfully as it proved) in private. A unanimous vote of confidence and request to withdraw his resignation was arrived at and Dr. Bodet, protesting that it was not a question of confidence in himself but in " a certain conception of the general course of conduct of the Organization ", somewhat inconsistently conceded to the request and agreed to remain in office.

His exact motives throughout this demonstration are difficult to arrive at. The logical sequence of the short speech with which he began it is obscure. It arose out of a debate on what direct contribution Unesco could make to the peace of the world as it is to-day threatened. Three resolutions were before the meeting—one to outlaw atomic bombs, another to draw up scientific reports on the effects of modern warfare, and a third to call a congress of intellectuals to devise ways of mitigating " war psychosis ". These were wisely being rejected as useless and likely to do the world no good and Unesco some harm. It was emphasized that Unesco's entire programme had peace as its end and it was by persevering in its ordinary work that it could contribute most. To announce a special drive to reduce the immediate danger of war and then give birth to designs

such as those suggested would bring it quickly into disrepute. Here the Director General intervened.

In turning its back on the realities of the moment through fidelity to its programme, he said, the organization lost sight of its responsibility. He pointed out that this was the first time there had been such unanimity about the efficacy of the programme. If it was so good it was utterly under-financed ; the disproportion was only too apparent between the budget of $8.2 m. accorded by member States to this programme which should serve the cause of peace and the sums spent on armaments in the same 59 States. Contrary to his hopes, Unesco seemed to have become stabilized for several years and it was vain to envisage an improvement in future programmes if the response of members could be no more favourable. Either Unesco's programme was good and its execution was bad or its execution was all right and the member States no longer pulled their weight by useful contribution to the work. In either case he asked the conference to look for his successor. He still believed in the principles of Unesco but not in the altogether feeble action of the member States.

Two complaints emerge from this none too coherent speech. First, the intention of many delegations to see the annual budget stabilized at about its present figure he interpreted as a sign of half-heartedness. Secondly, the debate on this topic of direct action for peace, which he considered of the first importance, had seemed to him disappointingly negative. It had consisted in turning down three proposals and in insisting, rather disengenuously considering previous criticism, on the efficacy of the programme as it stood. Dr. Bodet favours some sensational action by Unesco, bearing directly upon the restless situation of the world ; but what form this action could take he has been no more successful than anyone else in indicating.

The speech he made when withdrawing his resignation two days later hinted at a third, more sinister, cause of uneasiness. He insisted that Unesco must avoid above all becoming partisan in policy.

> By reason of its nature as a Specialized Agency of the United Nations, Unesco . . . can only act on the basis of the principle of universality. That means that we must take care to become neither auxiliaries nor victims in the disputes by which the world is torn.

His warning was not inappropriate in view of an earlier speech by Senator William Benton.

Senator Benton, though one of the first supporters and counsellors of Unesco, was not on this occasion a delegate. He flew from the United States to Florence in order to deliver an address to the conference which, as the circumstances would suggest, was important. He said in effect that Unesco must stop vainly trying to bridge the gulf between Russia and the west : that it should no longer remain

neutral in the cold war but should enter with determination on that side in which its ideals were acknowledged.

This did not express the view of the United States delegation, for Senator Benton was speaking for himself. Nevertheless, he is one of the most influential friends of Unesco in the United States and his words carry weight. From the United States delegation, however, came three proposals admitting a principle which, if abused, would allow Senator Benton's hopes and Dr. Bodet's fears to be realized the more easily. The principle is that the secretariat should draw up plans for specific projects for which funds would be sought outside Unesco's budget, not merely from private but also from governmental sources. The three projects authorized were for a scientific research centre in western Europe, increased educational work in Germany and an expanded programme of instruction in human rights. All are eminently suitable things for Unesco to be doing, but it is clear that most of the money, except perhaps in the first case, will have to come from the United States. So long as Unesco shapes its policy independently of that of any *bloc* of nations it is a matter for congratulation if it finds governments which are ready to put up money for its execution. But the temptation to be influenced by the preferences of a willing patron is strong and subtle.

These appear to have been the three main anxieties in the Director General's mind at the time of his resignation. Also, the continuous criticism in detail which the work of the secretariat and the executive board receives at a general conference, and which is by no means cancelled out by the eloquent but more general tributes, must be irksome to a man of Dr. Bodet's temperament. Moreover, he was ill in the early months of this year and was evidently in poor health at Florence. But more important than an analysis of causes is the fact that his tempestuous behaviour can only have damaged the organization he serves. For Unesco now has a director general who has declared in no uncertain terms his lack of faith in it as it now works. The fright they got wrung from the delegates a rather nebulous resolution to do better. But even while this was being approved it was several times reaffirmed that although the 1951 programme could in future be improved upon it was essentially on the right lines.

This incident loudly calls attention to a certain constitutional ambiguity from which Unesco suffers, and which has escaped much attention hitherto. It was created first and foremost as an instrument to achieve peace. It was however to operate by stimulating the proper development of education, science and culture. The assumption is that the latter methods lead directly to the former aim ; an assumption for which there seems little warrant. Believers in Unesco must accept this dogma, for to dispute it is to dispute the possibility of the success of the organization. It is however possible for different

people to entertain a belief in different strengths, and without actually rejecting it a person may allow it to shape his conduct very little. Within Unesco it is possible to pursue what are laid down as its methods attaching a high value to them for their own sakes and being concerned only as a secondary consideration with their effect on world peace. It is also possible to assess the value of Unesco's work by considering only its contribution to the final aim. The difference of opinion between Dr. Bodet and the majority of delegates is the outcome of this double interpretation.

The first article of Unesco's constitution begins : " The purpose of the organization is to contribute to peace and security . . ." To achieve this it will, among other things, " give fresh impulse to popular education and to the spread of culture " and " maintain, increase and diffuse knowledge." The preamble also contains these words : " The States Parties to this Constitution, believing in full and equal opportunities for education for all, in the unrestricted pursuits of objective truth, and in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge . ." These are fine ideals and have long been cherished by men of noble ambition; but whether they improve the chances of peace is another matter. To assume that they do not would be as hasty as to assume that they do. Neither connection is self evident.

It would however seem to be disregarding the evidence of history to maintain that the better educated (in the ordinary sense of these words) a nation becomes, the more pacific it becomes. " Tensions " between people is a favourite concept with Unesco, yet whatever exactly it may mean it clearly cannot exist if the peoples live in almost total ignorance of each other. On the contrary, the more they become concerned with each other the tauter these " tensions " are liable to become. If their interests beyond local matters are confined to the supernatural they can hardly entertain warlike designs against each other. Yet this is not considered a desirable state for men to be in. Literacy and the ensuing intellectual curiosity are looked upon as gifts all men should be helped to possess, and one of the largest tasks Unesco undertakes is the promotion of these where they are lacking. It is however the literate who fall prey to all Unesco understands by " tensions ", and though a mind thus equipped is more open to the influence of good men, it is also more accessible to the unscrupulous.

Again, Unesco is much concerned that the people of one nation should understand thoroughly the people of another, because the better the knowledge, the warmer the friendliness towards each other, or at any rate the less the desire to fight. This may often be the case but there is no reason to suppose that it always is. An accurate insight into the temperament and habits of other people may dispose an intolerant person very evilly towards them, or may

lead a belligerent person to despise them. Neither of these cases makes for peace.

It would probably be replied that Unesco does not sponsor education indiscriminately, but the kind of education which leads to international understanding, which is also of a kind that leads to good will. Parts of the constitution bear this out.

> The purpose of the Organization is to contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law, for the human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed by the peoples of the world, without distinction of race, sex, language or religion, by the Charter of the United Nations.

It is not easy to interpret this involved sentence but it seems to refer to promoting collaboration only of a certain kind ; the kind that will further universal respect for justice, etc. If this is so, it runs into two difficulties. The first is that this will compromise its activities authorized by other sections of the constitution, the one cited, for example, " to maintain, increase and diffuse knowledge". According to the accepted morals of scholarship, the only test that should be applied to this knowledge is the test of truth. It is now suggested that an additional test is necessary—one of " peace value." This kind of dilemma is most keenly felt in the case of science. Unesco will have to decide, for instance, whether it will try, if it is able, to circumscribe the research carried out in the scientific centre it intends to establish in western Europe, excluding any work which might be turned to the development of weapons of man.

The other difficulty this selective approach to its work poses is that of knowing the precise effects of any of its undertakings, whether it will reduce, increase or make no difference to the chances of war. Much more experiment would be required to determine this than has preceded the launching of any programme so far. The dissemination of the Declaration of Human Rights, which it was decided at Florence should be intensified, was spoken of throughout as a sure stroke on behalf of peace. But too much insistence on the rights of man may have the very opposite effect as neither the French nor the Americans should have forgotten.

Even if the hazardous nature of the connection between Unesco's great aim and the methods which have been laid down for its achievement is not admitted—and within Unesco it is not—there is still room for a difference of emphasis between those who keep their eyes fixedly on the ideal of peace and those who give more weight to the intrinsic merits of its different activities. This issues in a difference of opinion about the organization's policy. The former understandably become troubled in conscience as the threats to peace continue to grow while Unesco's counter-influence is scarcely perceptible. Hence the Director General's demand for some

immediate and striking action to restore the situation; but the demand meets a barrenness of suggestion as to what this action can possibly be. Those who take the other view are not frustrated in this way. It is no surprise to them that Unesco's work expands while the international situation deteriorates, for they do not look for peaceful fruits at once or even in this generation. They measure its value otherwise than by the uncertain gauge of peacemaking, acknowledging that the preservation of peace is not the only worthwhile thing in the world.

(*The author was present at Unesco's fifth general conference at Florence.*)

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## JULY IN SOHO SQUARE

Day after day the pink-shirted boy stood on a plank above the door of *l'Eglise Protestante Française de Londres*, tilting a dark and unselfconscious profile as he chipped. Courage and energy were in the braced and upright stance, and surely pride of purpose and lurking triumph too. Scrawls of red chalk plotted the path of his chisel and beneath its steady thrust the pallid stone took rounded shape.

In the shadows of hollowed curve and quartering, bones and flesh began to glow. It is 1550 again; Huguenots, sturdy and industrious, are on their way to freedom, and England's scholarly young Edward VI, only three years before his death, is granting them asylum.

Hour by long hour the sculptor tapped, and passers-by hung on their stride and stayed, absorbed as he, to watch this thing being made with hands and the firm brown hands that made it.

> I can always leave off talking
> When I hear a master play,

said Browning's Venetian, and in silence these refugees from a conveyor-belt world listened while the careful hammer knocked. Did they also faintly catch the heartbeat of the primeval and forgotten—or perhaps a nearer throb of jungle drums? For, no matter how grim, tired or careless their upraised faces, the response was plain to see from the windows of THE FORTNIGHTLY. No place here to be despising Philistines; rather it was to greet the child—eternal, elemental and ageless—who still looked through their wondering eyes.

Across the road the giant plane trees whispered, and were part of the forest again. Man, the creator-craftsman, had built a temple in the clearing, and the smell of privet bloom was swinging, gently swinging through petrol-haunted air.

G.B.

# THE ENGLISH PARISH

By B. M. G. Reardon

AT last year's summer session of the National Assembly of the Church of England a measure was approved for the purpose of parochial reorganization. Its aim is to make better provision for the cure of souls by simplifying the procedure for the union of benefices and the holding of benefices in plurality. It is already being put into effective operation with the appointment by diocesan conferences throughout the country of pastoral committees whose duty it is to make, under episcopal direction, a general survey of each diocese, and after consultation with the incumbents and parochial church councils concerned, to offer such recommendations as may be deemed necessary or desirable for the end in view.

The Parochial Reorganization Measure* will merely facilitate a process which has been taking place for a number of years, since in country districts especially a large proportion of the clergy already occupy livings which have been united or are held in plurality. We need not look for sweeping alterations in the near future ; revolution of any sort is alien to the spirit of the Established Church. Yet change is evident and will become more so. The tradition of a resident priest in every parish, however small or remote, is passing and the consequences for the life of rural England will be far from negligible. The squire already has gone, and although the spiritual needs of country people will be provided for so long as there are men ready to enter the Church's ministry, the parson will be a less familiar figure than he was wont to be in generations past. Even now, with his town training, his more strictly professional standards, and his omission to farm his own glebe, he is not the natural countryman that his grandfather was.

The introduction of the measure raises, in fact, the question whether the parochial system, like so much else in our national inheritance, has not to a large extent become obsolete and unserviceable. The parish is an institution of immense antiquity and was created with a view to conditions far different from those which generally obtain to-day. For long centuries, in a relatively stable world, it reflected and assisted the existing relationship of Church and society, but in modern times the great growth of the population, the impetus of the

* 12 & 13 Geo. 6 No. 3. H.M. Stationery Office.

social revolution and the waning influence of traditional religion have confronted the national Church with problems for the tackling of which new means must somehow be devised. Is it not fettered with an organization which, on the one hand, wastes its already depleted resources, and, on the other, has ceased to correspond with the need of the people ? What answer is to be given ? The Church requires, surely, new equipment ? The late Bishop Hensley Henson, never a man to shirk what he believed to be the logic of events, declared that " at every point we come back to the necessity of such a drastic handling of the parochial system as is hardly distinguishable from its abolition."

That system, in principle, envisages a small population wholly composed of professed and practising Christians owning but one ecclesiastical allegiance. The first condition now obtains in the country only, the second nowhere, the third extremely rarely (if at all) anywhere. Great urban areas are parishes merely in respect of geographical extent. The vast majority of the inhabitants have no church connection ; many are either ignorant as to which their parish is, or, knowing, are indifferent : the question only becomes material when the banns of marriage are to be called ; their parish church they have very likely never entered, and their parson, not improbably, is unknown to them even by sight. To him, for his part, is committed the cure of ten or fifteen thousand souls of whom not more than a fraction are other than titularly Christian ; and of these again only a proportion constitutes his congregation. If he is so fortunate as to have an assistant—and in this the key-factor is less the necessities of the parish than the incumbent's ability to provide a sufficient stipend (and, of preference, a house to go with it)—he can then to some extent share his ministerial duty of visiting the multitude of his flock, of whom in truth it is the ninety-and-nine who have strayed. If he has no assistant he must cope with the job as best he can, after the claims of church, church hall and parsonage study (not to mention the kitchen) have been met out of his merely human quota of time. That visiting, in such circumstances, has fallen into abeyance is occasion for regret but not for surprise. Nevertheless he still has it on his conscience that he is the *parish* priest and that his pastoral obligations are not limited to the few churchgoers.

However, until recently at all events, the enterprise of creating more new parishes in the developing areas has continued apace, regardless of the fitness or otherwise of the traditional organization or of the great cost involved in building and endowment, or of the difficulty of finding sufficient men to work them. But perhaps we are beginning at last to realize that the method is false and that the twentieth century is not the twelfth.

In the countryside the parochial system has not broken down in the

same way. A population of five hundred is by no means too small in itself. The parson can know his people as individuals and familiarize himself with the personal circumstances of each. It is not only that regular visiting is easily possible ; he lives alongside them, meets them daily, sees them ' in the round '. The problem here is that there are not nearly enough priests to fill all these ancient benefices nor stipends large enough to secure them even a modest livelihood. Fifty or sixty years ago there was no dearth of candidates for the ministry, while a country parson was certainly not impoverished with an annual income, though he were to have no private means of subsistence, of £400. Yet in the interval not only have taxation and the cost of living soared but in very many cases the actual stipend is smaller. The Tithe Act of 1936, for example, has lessened the value of benefice incomes by between 20 per cent. and 25 per cent. The consequence is that for ecclesiastical purposes two parishes, and sometimes more, have had to become as one, redundant parsonages have been sold, and the parish priest, for many of his parishioners, is a non-resident.

Naturally, the countryman does not like it. Even if he attends his parish church not more than once in a twelvemonth—at the always popular ' Harvest Festival '—he yet resents the change which has deprived his village of its ' parson '. His attitude is scarcely logical, but the difficulty thus created renders the country priest's work by so much the harder ; for even though the population be small the actual proportion of churchgoers is not greatly in excess of that in the towns.

The disappearance of ancient country (and city) parishes is to be lamented. Yet facts are facts and must be resolutely faced if the work of the Church is to go on. At the end of the seventeenth century, for a population of only five and a half millions, there were ten thousand clergymen. In 1900, for a population of 32 millions, there were 20,000. To-day, for a population of 45 millions, there are no more than 15,000. Fifty years ago 585 men were ordained in one year ; last year the number was 362. Upon the question of finance it has to be considered that there are benefices with a gross income of £300 (and even less) per annum, with the compulsory occupancy and maintenance of a house—not unusually—large, inconvenient and in inadequate repair.

The abolition of ancient parishes, at all events as independent units, serves as a reminder of how long a continuous history the Church of England possesses. The antiquity of its institutions is such that their existence is commonly taken for granted. The parochial system goes back in fact to Saxon times—England was being divided into parishes before King Alfred was born—and arose from the need for a local, as distinct from a monastic or segregated

clergy. The monasteries possessed the flower of learning and piety, splendidly represented by the Venerable Bede, a historian of whom any age or nation might be proud ; but apart from them the opportunities of Christian instruction and even for the ministration of the sacraments were casual and infrequent. Certain central churches—the ' Old Minsters '—were founded to assist the Christianizing of the countryside, but they were too few to be effective, and their clergy could exercise no pastoral supervision of the scattered populace. Moreover, the ancient pagan cults had had a local priesthood of their own, and with the disappearance of this priesthood the Christian missionaries were looked to to provide an equivalent service. Thus, as the local lord had nominated the pagan functionary, so it fell to him, on his conversion to the new religion, to nominate a Christian successor. He whom the lord named, therefore, the bishop ordained. But upon the priest's ordination the bishop's concern with him ceased; he was not one of the bishop's men, but was answerable to his secular master. The area he served became his ' parish ', where he lived for the most part a rough, isolated life, without direction or oversight, his job, apart from the tilling of his land, being to do for the people what they could not do for themselves, namely, to administer the means of grace.

With the passing of the centuries the bishops, who now began to keep registers of their activities, gained greater control over the parish clergy, while the authority of the feudal lord diminished. The number of the parishes after the Norman Conquest rapidly increased and no village was thought to be too small to have a church and a priest to serve it. But although the authority of the bishop grew during the middle ages it never succeeded in depriving the parish priest of his essential independence. To this day it has not done so, a fact to which the parson's ' freehold ' bears age-long witness: a beneficed priest is still comparatively immune from control or interference, and is secure in his office ; his patron, having once nominated him, has no further powers, and although his bishop may not like him and may even disapprove of him, he cannot (save in extreme cases) eject him.

The Reformation revolutionized the old order, but the structure of the medieval Church was left intact, including the parochial system. Nor did even the Puritans, although on their doctrine of the ' parity of ministers ' they pressed for the abolition of the hierarchy, seek to change this ; rather, they conceived the Church as a federation of parishes, each of which was to be a wholly independent unit. The life of the Church of England became, and has since remained, essentially parochial. The clergy, except for those residing in the universities—the nearest approximation to the old monasticism—have always been parochial clergy ; to-day, for the great majority of them, no alternative form of clerical vocation, apart from the mission field, is open.

The great abuse of the eighteenth century, and patent evidence of the secularity by which the national Church was gripped, was of course pluralism. The granting of a licence for pluralities was a right inherited by the archbishops from the pre-Reformation Papacy and all too readily exercised. It seldom, if ever, took account of parochial needs and was secured by those sufficiently fortunate to hold the strings of social influence. The responsibilities of office were taken lightly enough and the pluralist was commonly a permanent absentee as well. Many a parish never saw its rector and had to be content—though in an easy-going age the laity were not too exacting in the matter of their pastors—with the services of an ill-paid drudge whose supreme concern lay in cherishing the hope of eventual, albeit long delayed, preferment. We ought not, however, to omit to do honour to the exceptions, for the devotion, if not the amiable follies, of Parson Adams could hardly have existed only in a novelist's imagination.

The nineteenth century marked a quickening of consciences and the Church did not escape the general reformism. Pluralities were abolished and clerical residence enforced. An Act of 1836 created a permanent Ecclesiastical Commission with powers relating to the disposal of the Church's revenues. The incomes of the bishops—in certain instances of princely size—were reduced, and a large number of cathedral and collegiate offices—the most of them mere sinecures—suppressed. The monies thus sequestrated were used either for the augmentation of the endowments of existing benefices or for the foundation of new ones. In the same year also the clergy were relieved of the difficulty and vexation of collecting their tithes in kind, a rent charge being substituted therefor. (We have seen, exactly a century later, the curtailment of this too, a direct cause of the situation which a return to the system of pluralities is devised to alleviate). Indeed the Victorian period was the Church of England's Indian summer ; its clergy were numerous and educated, its parishes well staffed, its influence pervasive in almost every class of society. It is to this age that we still look back as though to the true and normal state of English religious and ecclesiastical life. But perhaps after all it was exceptional.

It is a commonplace that the Church to-day, like every other ancient institution, is finding its spirit and its structure alike tried and tested as never before by the whirl of change which besets our time. The Victorian age—which its children thought so revolutionary—seems to us in retrospect like a tranquil lagoon compared with the rough seas on which we voyage. The parish with its gentlemanly, upper-middle class parson, so delightfully reflected in the pages of Anthony Trollope, served well enough then—but (it should be remembered) in the country and the country towns only. It had

become an anachronism in Manchester and Birmingham. Still more is it an anachronism to-day. Can it really be said that the vast conglomerations of brick and mortar—the creation, most of them, of latter years—with which every city in the land is more or less encompassed, present, when chopped up into ecclesiastical parishes numbering many thousands of souls each, a naturally suitable basis for the work of a priest, single-handed, or with only a young and inexperienced neophyte for helper ? Even in the overseas mission-field the worker has the encouragement and support of his fellow missionaries. He is rarely (one imagines) in these days the solitary apostle which he generally is in an English parish.

Is it not time, therefore, that the national Church made some really resolute effort to free itself from a tradition that has become only hampering, and make clear, to itself and to the world without, that new conditions demand of it new methods ? Is it not intrinsically absurd to suppose that the spiritual need of, say, 15,000 largely unbelieving people can be met by means identical with those once devised for the pastoral care of 500 faithful ? If so, then what alternatives may we look to ?

No possible system can be an instrument for the conversion of England in a few years. But even if the institution of the parish itself be not drastically overhauled we have need of a more mobile ministry.* The existing system of ' freeholds ' confers security at the price, too commonly, of men in the wrong jobs unable to get out of them. Ten years might well be the maximum period for the tenure of a benefice, with five or seven as the normal. This would mean virtual abolition of the freehold, and with it, of course, further restriction of the patron's rights. And why not ? There would, naturally enough, have to be safeguards for the material interest of the parson, with no concessions to the whims and fancies of disgruntled individuals among the parishioners. But given such safeguards it is probable that the clergy would in the main welcome a method that made of ' preferment ' a rational thing, which at present it is not. As matters traditionally stand a clergyman finds himself in a new living by a kind of accident. All manner of persons—quite apart from the Crown, the bishops and public bodies of various sorts—have the inherited right of appointment. Happily, advowsons may not now be bought and sold, but the lay patron is seldom in a position to make, of his own selection, a wise nomination ; he may not be much interested in his responsibility, or is possibly not even a Christian except in a merely conventional sense. It is common knowledge that more often than not the lay patron leaves the actual choice of an incumbent in the hands of the diocesan bishop, but there is a decided

* The report of a committee on " The Mobility of the Clergy " has in fact lately been presented to the Church Assembly. Its recommendations are wise as far as they go.

feeling among the clergy that it is undesirable for the bulk of clerical appointments to rest, in practice, solely at the latter's discretion ; episcopal opinion is not always unprejudiced or perfectly informed. In fact the whole question of patronage will, sooner rather than later, have to be tackled at its roots. As a legacy from the past it is unco-ordinated and haphazard in its working, and impedes any really fit disposition of the Church's manpower.

The larger towns would, I think, better be treated as ' districts ' with a central ' parish ' church, the other churches, formerly independent, being subordinate to it. The ministry of evangelization and pastoral oversight might thus be envisaged and planned as a whole, the incumbent's assistants being chosen, so far as possible, for variety of capacity and function. Thus, a man with marked preaching or teaching ability, or the natural ' youth leader ', could be assigned such work as his specialty. Unmarried men would preferably live in community, under some suitable form of rule. They should at any rate be spared the inconvenience and embarrassment of ' digs '. Plainly, the status of unbeneficed clergymen would have to be improved. At the moment—although the shortage of assistant curates has introduced allurements in the shape of higher stipends and rent-free houses—it is usually the desire of the unbeneficed to acquire a living as quickly as they can. An unbeneficed parochial clergyman who has been long in Orders is looked upon as *ipso facto* a failure. But under some such alternative system as here suggested this would be altered. The professional status of assistant priests would be redefined and their security in office assured. There would be a recognizable order of promotion with a corresponding scale of payment. Parishes would lose their ' vicar ', but the advantages in the new arrangements would in time become manifest. We might at last indeed begin to see the fruit of our labours. The existing system has been simply left on our hands ; it would never, as its critics justly argue, have been invented to meet a situation like that in which we actually find ourselves. There would however be many places where the old parishes might continue intact, as still of use. Change would be most apparent where the population was either dense or sparse.

A further point. Ordinands are now, almost to a man, recruited from town dwellers. At present the occupants of all the numerous country livings have had their training, perforce, in towns, and many come to these benefices without knowledge or understanding of country life. It is not their fault. There is simply no provision for the post-ordination training of specifically country parsons. Were the new ' parish ' of the future to include a town *and* its surrounding countryside, or were it, again, to be constituted from a small group of existing country parishes, thus forming a sphere in which young men

could receive special training, this acknowledged defect might easily be overcome. It is unfair and unwise to regard church life in the country as a mere backwater unworthy of serious attention.

Are such changes as these feasible ? They certainly are possible. They would of course take time. The important thing is, to begin with, that public opinion should be made ready for them. Conservatism, inertia, prejudice will at once resist them in strength. Probably among the most hostile would be those whose interest in the Church's work is most perfunctory—the ill-informed non-worshipping members of the ' C. of E.', who nevertheless are forward, when occasion arises, to express emphatic views. Others, too, would have to be brought to see the need—the good and faithful, but ' parochial ' of outlook. Far greater changes took place in the sixteenth century and the public mind then, on the whole, was astonishingly quick to accept them. To-day's necessities are upon us. What is suggested is no new Reformation, but certain clear-sighted and judicious readjustments of means to ends.

(*The Reverend B. M. G. Reardon's parish is in Devon.*)

## CANTERBURY BELLS

By A. V. Stuart

WHITE angels, glimmering in the gloom
Of my blue twilit room,
Climbing the Jacob's ladder of your stem
To the heaven from which you came,
Yet leaning earthwards fondly too, to gaze
Where the polished table reflects each innocent face
In a milky dapple of bloom.

White bells, whose slender clappers ring a chime
Beyond this world of time,
A tenuous peal, remote and faint, yet clear
To the quiet attentive ear.
Strange ye should wither, stainless emissaries, given
Here as foretaste of heaven !
Live then a little longer, climb and chime
In the mirror-music of my adoring rhyme.

# THE TRUE GUARDIANS OF OUR CULTURE

By J. Macalister Brew

IT was an article in a Sunday newspaper that started it. " One of the most beautiful walks in all London," it began, " starts from Greenwich Pier." So on a Saturday afternoon of blazing sunshine we set off from Westminster. " We ought to have taken a water-bus," said my companion, " if only as a tribute to A. P. Herbert." " We'll come back by one " I said, abandoning the thought of our return tickets in reckless tribute to the lavish beauty of the twinkling river.

There is always a wealth of human interest on these river steamers—but always a certain consistency about the ingredients. This afternoon was no exception, although the company was enriched by a party of girls from a youth club. In rich cockney they called to one another—and to the young woman in charge of the party. " Miss—Sylvia's feeling sick." " Oo miss, do they still keep prisoners in the Tower ? " " Miss, where do they 'ang them ? " " Oo Miss, come down 'ere and let the water run through your fingers." " Miss, ain't it beautiful ? " " 'ave a sandwich." " Miss—Miss—Miss "—young demanding adolescents, greedy for life and experience, they stand on the bridge between the purely physical life and the kingdom of the spirit. Their development is always interesting and sometimes beautiful but how wearing to spend a Saturday afternoon in a hiss of Misses. It was fortunate perhaps that their leader seemed too young and carelessly beautiful to be anything else but resilient. By the time we had arrived at Greenwich all but she were convinced that " Miss " is the ugliest word in the English language.

On a summer's day Greenwich Pier is like a pocket handkerchief sea-side resort. Old men sit on the benches—and a group of even older men drink mugs of tea around the refreshment buffet. But we walked out along the river in the spirit of the past, for here Shakespeare acted before the Queen—here Chaucer and Dr. Johnson walked. Here Evelyn, Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren worked. Here Raleigh spread his cloak for Queen Elizabeth, and here King Charles started to build a lovely home for his Queen—and through the massive gates of the Royal Naval College Nelson's body was carried for the last time. There might have been something saddening about the dignified tranquillity of this sublimely lovely block of build-

ings were it not for the girls' club party, who, impervious to this vast court of memory, had found the steps to the little pebbly beach and hurled themselves down like so many jet 'planes.

We walked slowly along, into the Royal College grounds, into the Chapel (one of the most impressive entrances to any private chapel) and then past the Queen's House to the building which is devoted to the Nelson relics. As we reached the doorway several small boys in wolf club uniform came out, walking along sedately as though overawed by what they had seen, or else dazzled by the sunlight. Suddenly, in the way of small boys who are at least three-quarters animal till adolescence, two started to run ; a third for no apparent reason snatched the cap from his companion and one of those good-tempered puppy fights caused solely by pure affection barred our way for a few moments.

In the entrance hall of the museum there stands a display case showing all those many varieties of knots which only sailors, scouts and guides can ever find fascinating, though doubtless many would be useful if only we could learn how to tie, or untie them. But this afternoon was not the time to learn ; the whole case was surrounded by hot and grubby little cubs, reverently and earnestly pointing out the rapturously intricate details to one another. Two large and very hot cub mistresses were trying to get them unglued from the cases. Surely only great devotion to a cause would allow any woman to sacrifice so much outward grace for inward ease as that uniform demands, and then freely offer up a perfect Saturday afternoon to such unpredictable creatures as eight-year-old boys. They are not even tied to these creatures by the compulsive loyalty of blood relationship.

We walked on into the rooms where all those many relics of Nelson have been so lovingly collected. Now we are in the thick of a company of older boys. It is a school party—and one recognizes all the various types of the lower fourth—so well known to us from school stories—though this is no boarding school but a form or so from a secondary modern school. Here is the necessary fat boy—in rather long shorts—bursting at every seam and with a lemonade bottle sticking out of a protestingly sagging pocket. Here is the fair-haired blue-eyed smiler—so too appealingly representative of British boyhood at its best that it is difficult to believe that he is real. He is one of the few that are sensibly dressed—khaki shorts and shirt, with a haversack for his sandwiches.

Here before the blue coat which Nelson was wearing when he received his fatal wound at Trafalgar, stand three boys. They bear the indefinable mark of having been born and brought up in the back streets of a town—it is something to do with the way their hair is cut and left without a parting so that forlorn fringes fall over their

foreheads. Two of them turn away; the third, a thin-legged boy with a very new cap firmly wedged behind ears definitely designed for the purpose of keeping caps on, looks furtively round with the air of one of the more desperate of the forty thieves—and then gently touches the faded orders sewn to that small brave coat.

A much too thin little boy with sandy hair and spectacles is breathing mistily over the glass case which contains, among other wither-wringing mementoes, the scrap of paper on which Nelson first wrote a message with his left hand. There he stands gulping his pleasure down and then looking round in an off-handed way as though trying to hide any evidence of enjoyment from everyone, including himself. A crowd of boys, pushing and shoving in the purest friendship and ecstasy, stand round the sofa on which Nelson lay to have his arm amputated. " Oh sir, was it really this one ? " " Sir, it says the blood's still on it." " Sir—Sir—Sir "—we retreat and start the long trek to the comparative silence of the tea rooms.

Much later we embark on the river-bus. The school party is already on board. There are three masters in charge—and not one too many for the constant chorus of " Sir's ". " Sir—be sure to take the exact time we start." " I want to log our time both ways," says a little boy with a greasy note-book (most of them have greasy note-books and stubby pencils). " Sir, look at my map I've drawn." " Sir, can I get the driver's autograph ? " (he does too). His note-book is full of lists—car numbers, engine numbers and just "lists of things "—all are grist to the mill of any boy between ten and fourteen. " Sir—can I go below for some pop ? " " Sir—Sir ".

One of the masters has brought his wife and grammar school son along with him. The boy is conspicuously neat and aloof, while his mother's toilet has obviously been achieved on the sole principle of providing her with " nothing that would spoil." They seem a curious pair to belong to this good-tempered " Sir " who walks about in a leisurely fashion sharing himself with one group of boys, and then starting it all over again with the next. The sort of man who would protest to the death against any form of sweated labour for his charges, and is yet permitting himself to be exploited shamelessly—a restful creature spreading calm and information wherever he stops to talk. His wife is rigid with tension. She looks as though she is always struggling to create it. From where she sits she cries out busy-bee warnings to every boy who passes—to no purpose ; they are all afflicted with the deafness of indifference.

How unlike the prototype of all Mrs. Murphies, who joins the river-bus at the Tower. (" Sir—why does it open ? " " Sir—are those people walking at the very top ? " " Sir—how does it work—is it hydraulics ? "—this from a well-patched much too tidy boy with a little cardboard attaché case, a child who is rapidly being educated to

know more than all the rest of his family ; they will be proud and he ashamed—and ashamed of being ashamed). Mrs. Murphy has the wide grey eyes and black hair of her race. She is dirty, beautiful, and comfortable, and has four children with her. Baby is shoeless and pantless, wrapped in a blue blanket which slips and reveals all it is meant to cover. She embarks holding a two-year-old by the hand and yanks her on the seat by her arm. (If it were your child or mine and we did that, the arm would come out of its socket.) A four-year-old clutches at her skirt and a five-year-old follows absent-mindedly but close to heel. All have their mother's wide grey eyes and dark hair, and all dusty and dishevelled they cluster round her.

Kathie the four-year-old bends double over the rail and nearly takes a header into the water, but it is we—not Mrs. Murphy—who are disturbed. If any of her children fall into the water, " sure by all the Blessed Saints some kind lady or gentleman would pull them out. Johnny my eldest has been rescued three times." Perhaps it is as well that all the little Murphies wear a miniature St. Anthony. We are going under the bridges now : London Bridge, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo and Hungerford. There is no man with a megaphone on the water-buses to tell the river's story, but the schoolboys have their lists, and as they approach they call out the names to the nearest " Sir " and then shout and shout for joy of the echo. Kathie Murphy looks disturbed by all this violence but Baby is quite unmoved.

The school party disembarks at Charing Cross pier ; a " Sir " in front counts, the two remaining "Sirs" only leaving when all are checked. They straggle off, hotly pursued by the tight-lipped wife and superior son. With war whoops and tremendous footfalls the wolf cubs emerge with their cub mistresses; they have been below all the time. School party, girls' club outing, and wolf cubs—they have all had a Saturday afternoon in Greenwich and have gone the royal way by water. To shrill calls of " Sir " and " Miss " they melt away in the dying loveliness of a summer evening.

If education is indeed an adventure of the human spirit surely these selfless ones who give their free time to these young adventurers are the leaders of it. Saturday after Saturday countless " Sirs " and " Misses " such as these, make it possible for hundreds of young people to live in the country of joy for at least an afternoon, and help them to walk some way at least in the direction of power and beauty.

Many of their charges would seem at a casual meeting splendidly resistant to education—but we have to breed from stock, and these men and women have learned to co-operate with the human material that comes within their influence. They are of the happy band with no desire to mould society according to some self-designed pattern of good. They pass no hasty judgments on those younger than them-

selves, and make no effort to impose their will on the growing minds of the boys and girls they thus take a-visiting.

The magnitude of their devotion can only be appreciated fully if one realizes that there is a fixed formula of hazards which all who embark on a school journey or a club outing have to negotiate. There is always one member of the party who is sick in whatever mode of transport is used ; always one who will lose purse, sandwiches, coat or cap. By a law of capillary attraction a nettle-bed, cow-patch, stream or lake will suck the most complaining member of the party into its stings, dirt or wetness. Someone will always cut themselves on a lemonade bottle, one will *almost* be left behind at the starting point, and two will always be missing until the very moment that transport is due to make the return journey. And no-one—least of all those who fall into these diverse troubles—will really give a damn about these discomforts and none will guess what a nervous strain is imposed on the organizers of the party. To the young the leader is a *deus ex machina* in whom all trust and confidence is placed—why should they worry ?

And what reward comes to those whose selflessness, courage, kindness and commonsense make these journeys possible ? Among the last to leave the river-bus is a father and a little girl : " Oh Daddy—haven't we had a lovely day ? Did you ever do this when you were a little boy 'bout my age ? " " Yes, Darling, I came with the scouts once." In that sentence is the reward of those who pour their free time like a libation at the feet of the coming generation.

For many of those screaming girls and tumbling boys will in their turn take their children—or a similar band—to stand in embarrassed reverence before Nelson's coat or in ecstasy before what one of the girls called " the *real* picture of what was in our blue history book." It is these unassumingly brave people organizing educational visits, school journeys and club outings who perform one of the most lasting educational tasks. These are the true guardians of our culture. The day will linger in the memory of many of these seemingly unaware creatures now living so fully in the present. And because of this, their children and their children's children will make the pilgrimage to Greenwich, or to many another of those glories of our race—where beauty of outward form and greatness of spirit combine to persuade even the least of us to work for a while, at all events, on the side of the angels. They are tired on Saturday nights, these unassuming men and women, but in their quiet way, having gone down to the sea in ships, they too have indeed done business in great waters.

(*Dr. Brew is Education Adviser to the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs.*)

# JURA : THE PROBLEM ISLAND

By Joan Curl

A TRAVELLER on his way for the first time to any of the Hebridean islands is bound to feel considerable curiosity, not because the Hebrides are *terra incognita*, but because they are constantly being brought to the notice in a variety of ways and in many contrasting lights.

There is, on the one hand, the romantic approach, fostered by numerous writers both Scots and English. Across the misty sea lies another world, a world of fairies and poets, of seers and sweet singers. " The Isles that Time Forgot," says the steamship company's handbook, and " The Isles of Youth ", still harking back to Tir n'an Og and ignoring the dual facts of present-day development and of continued depopulation, which the realistic approach underlines.

The reader of newspapers receives a different set of impressions. Panels and commissions investigate and report upon the state of these distressed islands ; ships are wrecked on their rocky shores ; milk brought by steamer from Inverness to Stornoway turns sour and is dumped overboard ; high tides prevent a doctor from reaching his patient ; a child is born in a 'plane on its way to Glasgow ; the Harris tweed industry is being killed by the purchase tax ; hydro-electric schemes will save the islands from destitution ; a Minister of Transport feels cold and " uncomfortable " on the crossing from North Uist to Benbecula and promises that a bridge shall be built.

A land where it is always either raining or blowing or both, yet enjoying intervals of glorious technicolor ; a barren land, whose poverty-stricken natives (living under primitive conditions) wrest a meagre subsistence from hostile sea and grudging soil ; a land of rough justice and bitter feuds (*vide The Brothers*) ; of characters dour or jolly whose motive power is " the water of life " (*vide Whisky Galore*) ; a land where Jacobitism is not dead, and where Scottish nationalism adds new grievances to the still-rankling old ones.

Bewildered by this mass of contradictory information, no wonder the traveller feels more than ordinarily curious as he gazes westward until the grey shapes low on the horizon assume height and form and colour, and he steps at last from the gangway on to Hebridean soil.

Much depends, of course, on the particular island visited. Lewis and Harris are thickly populated ; they suffered no clearances and therefore no break in continuity. Barra and the Uists are plentifully sprinkled with new two-storeyed white houses. The farms of Islay have big fields, good buildings and spacious farmhouses. Throughout the Outer Isles there is much official and semi-official activity ; electricity has arrived, a new spinning-mill, a new bakery and a seaweed-processing factory have recently been erected. Every tiny school has its up-to-date canteen. The stores are well-stocked and the hotels full of anglers. In spring and summer a cloud of inspectors floats from isle to isle—Min. of Ag. and Fish., lighthouses, postal, insurance, school medical and dental.

Jura is different from any of the others. They spring their surprises, but Jura provides what one expects from a Hebridean island. First, a dramatic skyline, only surpassed by those of Skye and Rhum. Secondly, an air of mystery. Even while you watch, that fretted silhouette—apparently cut out of pale blue paper and pasted on the horizon—veils itself in mist. Clouds roll down out of the immense sky and envelop the hills ; grey curtains of rain sweep visibly past. Then a shaft of sunlight pierces the clouds, a patch of black moorland turns emerald and a rainbow appears, so delicately beautiful against the threatening background that the Little People themselves might well have hung it there.

The great rounded hills of Jura dominate the landscape, afflicting the nervous visitor with a suggestion of brooding gloom which can be almost as disturbing as the livelier malevolence of the Coolins. They are trackless, trodden only by the red deer. The emptiness of the island as to humans—only 240 in 160 square miles—and the knowledge that the dark hills are alive with deer, gives the feeling of being in one of those African game reserves, where every bend in the road may conceal a ferocious animal. A thousand years ago, Jura was named Dyrey (Deer Island) by the Norseman, and a seventeenth-century traveller dubbed it " a horrid ile and a habitation fit for deere and wild beasts." So one's first impression—of a land forcibly emptied of its human tenants and filled up with deer in their place ; in other words, a land which suffered exceptionally in the nineteenth-century clearances and has remained ever since in the condition to which it was then reduced—is not altogether correct. The red deer have always been the most numerous inhabitants of Jura, and the island was no worse treated in the clearances than other parts of the Highlands.

There are, of course, the usual ruined homesteads in glens now desolate, but it was not the deer which drove their people forth. Rather was it the impact of economic circumstances ; the land could not support the population, even at contemporary subsistence level.

Some had to go, and their holdings were divided amongst those who remained. The land was in good heart, carrying large stocks of Highland cattle, and the islanders who stayed on did well for a time. The continual decline in the pound's purchasing power, however, combined with the steady rise in standards of living to create a vicious circle in which crofters and farmers are still caught up. More and ever more land is needed to increase turnover, and one factor at least is of the opinion that in less than twenty years the Highlands and Islands will be farmed wholly on ranch lines.

The present state of Jura is that by far the greater part of the island is divided between five estates, each averaging about 20,000 acres. There are a few tenant farmers, and five crofting townships. Anyone wishing for a glimpse of the old Hebridean scene has only to leave the road by a wet and stony track just beyond the village (there is but one road and one village), and cross a flowery field, rising slightly and then descending to a stream. On the further bank, over ford and stepping-stones and through a gate consisting of a single bar, lies the township of Kiells. It is invisible from the road, but can be seen from the steamer as a tiny cluster of grey huts like a native kraal, surrounded by its striped fields and common grazing, and protected by a high deer fence. Cottages and byres of stone, thatched or slated, stand haphazardly about. Hens, ducks, cats and dogs scratch around in the mud and the cattle dirt, the dogs ready to leap upon the prying stranger. An air of picturesque poverty hangs about such a place that seems to bear out the factor's gloomy prophecy. On the other hand, when one takes into account the numerous subsidies and grants available to crofters, and the negligible rent and rates which they pay, together with the good prices now obtaining for cattle, one cannot help wondering whether after all that prophecy is not unduly pessimistic.

Few men in other islands attempt to live by crofting alone. They regard a croft as an inexpensive home, which provides them with milk, eggs and potatoes in return for part-time labour ; they combine this with a paid job (roadman, postie, lorry driver, ferryman) or with the profitable sidelines of lobster fishing or ghillying for the anglers who pack the hotels during the season.

In Jura there are very few such jobs to be had. Is the answer the introduction of some light industry, or of commercial afforestation, or the development of the tourist trade ? It has been said that Jura men, like the men of Skye and also of Ireland, are apathetic at home though energetic enough in exile. Would they exert themselves to make any of these a success ? Across the narrow Sound lies busy, prosperous Islay, its prosperity based on farming, distilling and visitors. Jura's agriculture belongs either too much to the past (crofting) or too much to the possible future (ranching). Its one

distillery is in ruins, and it makes next to no provision for the tourist. Its one so-called " inn " (comfortable in a very simple way) is just a farmhouse, whose staff consisted in June 1949 of one young girl who appears to be ' fey " but is probably merely unaccustomed to strangers. There are no licensed premises on the island. All fishing, shooting and stalking is private. Is it possible that the five lairds of Jura are antipathetic towards visitors—like the owner of Rhum, the island which does *not* like to be visited ?

Heaven forbid that any Hebridean isle should be ' Butlinized ', but Jura could very well be made attractive to holiday-makers with hardly any diminution of its wild charm. Its climate is invigorating, with the clear light and lovely colouring typical of the Hebrides. It has some exquisite beaches, where the flowers run down to the sand and the rocks are cushioned with seapinks. It has an almost land-locked bay, just inviting small boats ; it has mountains to climb, wild life to watch, caves to explore, and much to interest the geologist and the botanist. Islay has a golf-course, why not Jura ? And why not ponies for hire, as in the days when Queen Victoria discovered the Highlands ? As for access and communications : the Glasgow steamer calls three days a week in each direction, while for anyone in a hurry there is a daily air service from Glasgow to Islay and a ferry between the two islands. And a team of Post Office men have for months been erecting poles and wires along the island's one road, for the benefit of twenty-odd subscribers !

It was once suggested that the Highlands and Islands should be declared a national park, and a great outcry was raised by people who assumed that implied the prevention of all development and the perpetual preservation of the *status quo*. But this is not the case, as those who work to establish national parks have always emphasized. A flourishing tourist industry in Jura would stimulate all kinds of ancillary activities, while allowing more scope for the individual enterprise preferred by the Highlander to a regular job.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

# ISLAMIC SOCIETY AND THE WEST

By H. S. Deighton

IT would be difficult to name a subject of academic study more likely to be of practical and immediate importance to the future of mankind than that of the peoples and societies, loosely, if conveniently, termed oriental, who make up the greatest part of it. This is especially true of the study of their relationship with those peoples whose way of life has been largely determined by the intellectual developments which took place in western Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As the result of their own achievements, the western peoples have given rise to a state of affairs in which for the first time, the peoples of the world are one in destiny, if not in will or in standards of value. It would not be too much to say that the future depends upon the ability of the oriental peoples to absorb enough of what is essential of western ways and techniques, to enable them to stand on their own in the modern world, without betraying their traditions and becoming rootless Levantines—in the worst sense of that term—and developing the destructive bitterness which, in such circumstances, so often goes with the loss of self-respect.

Fortunately for the western peoples—whose own future is at least as much at stake in this matter—their characteristic genius for careful investigation can be, and is, applied equally to human as to material phenomena. The orientalist is as much a typical product of the western environment as the atomic scientist, and perhaps, hardly less important. Some years before the outbreak of war in 1939, two distinguished British orientalists, Professor H. A. R. Gibb, who holds the Laudian Chair of Arabic at Oxford, and Mr. Harold Bowen, set out to study* the effects of the impact of western ideas upon the eastern peoples nearest to the centres of western development and most immediately affected by Europe. The inhabitants of the Muslim, Ottoman Empire, which, at the outset of what historians call the modern age, ruled, from Constantinople, the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean, including the Balkans, litorals of the Black Sea and the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean, from Sinai to the Straits of Gibraltar.

The original conquest of this vast territory by the Ottoman Turks was, it is becoming apparent, almost as much the result of religious enthusiasm as had been the original, and hardly more extensive, Arab conquests of the seventh century. As they rose to empire, the Sultans lost their intimate contact with the religious forces which had been the instrument of their triumphs and leaned more heavily on Persian and other precedents for imperial rule. They magnified their office and instituted the famous *Devsirme*—the so-called "blood-tax"—itself as the authors show, in contravention of the Sacred Law of Islam. With the slaves thus acquired, the Sultans created what was surely, in its greatest days, one of the most efficient instruments of government that history records—and the, for years, unbeatable army of janissaries.

The system revolved around and depended upon the Sultans and when, after the middle of the sixteenth century, the quality of the Padishahs declined

* *Islamic Society and the West*, by H. A. R. Gibb and Harold Bowen. Volume 1 : *Islamic Society in the Eighteenth Century*. Part 1. Oxford University Press. (Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.) 25s.

it fell into decay. But, for long inviolate and then slowly dwindling in size, the Empire continued in being until 1918, a subject for the strictures, the exasperation and, eventually, for the rather reluctant admiration of centuries of western commentators. Even the later, degenerate, Sultans did not lack good lieutenants—the names of Sokolli Pasha and of the Kuprili family (to give them in their familiar form) are famous, even in European history. Readers of this book will learn why it was not possible for a Grand Vizier, even of this quality, to be the equivalent of a good Sultan. They will learn much more too, of incidental interest to the reader of European history—the origin of the Sublime Porte, and why the Reis Effendi came to be thought of as the Ottoman foreign minister, as well as many greatly more significant things—as, for example, how it was that no one could do for the Ottoman Empire, in the face of western material superiority, what Peter the Great and his like, did for Russia—and what was done for Japan in the nineteenth century.

For the authors, who started with the intention of studying the effect of western ideas upon Islamic society in the Eastern Mediterranean since 1800, found themselves obliged to undertake a major work of scholarship in establishing the circumstances at that time. In consequence of this they have written, in spite of the fact that it is analytical and not at all narrative in form, what is very much the best account of the Ottoman Empire that has appeared since historical studies took their modern shape. Another volume is to come, dealing chiefly with religious and cultural institutions, to complete the initial task. The authors have chosen a subject of the first importance to students of contemporary affairs and incidentally have undertaken to fill a large gap in modern historical literature. They have provided the first volume of the prolegomena to what may prove to be one of the major works of British scholarship in the twentieth century.

**THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY**, by Drew Middleton. *Allan Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**GERMANY : WHAT NOW ?** Potsdam 1945 - Partition 1949, by Basil Davidson. *Frederick Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The moment, five years after the smashing of Hitler's fortress, is well chosen for an assessment of the mind and mood of Germany to-day and the effects of Allied policy. Such a critique of the German ward-in-chancery, rather than a study of the German factor in international politics, is attempted in both the volumes under review. Mr. Drew Middleton is a top-flight American journalist who has worked in the Soviet Union and (for the *New York Times*) in Germany and was present at the meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers which marked the rift between east and west, leading inevitably to the partition of Germany. He gives us an honest, unpretentious record of impressions without going at all deep into the 'problem of Germany'. Mr. Davidson, one of the younger generation who has made his mark in British foreign political journalism, has evidently thought much more about the problem. But there is a strange formlessness about his book (written, presumably, in too much of a hurry), and the facts are too patently arranged to fit his thesis, that of the typical leftwing intellectual : the western powers bear the responsibility for the partition of Germany by their failure to implement the social changes agreed upon at Potsdam and, specifically, by their repudiation of the reparations-and-industry Agreement of March 1946.

Mr. Davidson takes his stand on the Potsdam Agreement which, he says, "presumed, though it did not promulgate, far-reaching social changes in Germany." Such a treatment of the body politic, he argues, was prescribed by any objective diagnosis of German history and of the state of mind of the Germans after thirteen years of

Hitlerian intoxication, as it was dictated by any intelligent appreciation of the Allies' mistakes after the 1914-1918 war. Fear of social change it was, he reminds us, which preserved, under Weimar, those reactionary middle-class influences which were, ultimately, to find in Hitler their instrument ; the same fear, he concludes, has occasioned the falling-away from the original U.S. policy directive JCS 1067, which envisaged a radical transformation of German society and a growth of a new society based upon these changes. Early in 1946, according to Mr. Davidson, American opinion swung round to the view that German ' big business ' influences must be preserved at all costs and a bulwark established against Bolshevism ; the attitude of France was, anyway, an effectual barrier to German unity, and Britain's middle-of-the-road policy was necessarily ineffectual. The subsequent development has followed naturally, with the West German State as ' nobody's child ', and the Allies concerned, above all, that the blame for partition should appear to lie with the Russians. Mr. Davidson goes so far as to say that " the West German State is the negation of all that the United Nations fought to achieve." When he goes on, in his last pages, to offer " tentatively " as remedy the neutralization of Germany and a four-power peace treaty involving the withdrawal of all occupying troops, with adequate guarantees, it would be no wonder if many dismissed him as a political simpleton. Actually, it probably only means that he is one of the misguided Marxist brethren whom Mr. Morgan Phillips, on behalf of the Labour Party, recently repudiated.

Mr. Drew Middleton, on the other hand, is convinced that the shift in American policy was no premeditated one but the direct consequence of the breakdown of the " joint policy " posited at Potsdam and of the ' cold war ' : no deep-dyed sociological decision—and certainly not " the result of pressure in Germany by what left-wing writers describe as " big Nazis " and " powerful Ruhr industrialists ". He is illuminating on the effect which German efficiency and technique had on the Americans with their non-political engineer-mentality serving under Military Government ; and he is eminently sensible on the revival of German nationalism. That the Germans place economic security every time above the exercise of civil liberties ; that they cleave naturally to authoritarian forms and methods of government and do not take easily to our ideas of democracy—such conclusions may appear to us somewhat naïve, but they are none the less soundly based. The author brings out very well the consequences of the destruction and disruption without parallel in the Germany of 1945—which we are apt now to forget. What the Germans have experienced in two wars, he is convinced, has had a lasting effect on their outlook. This new Germany can be made ' safe for democracy' by incorporation in Western Union, and, if this is done, the Russians, who have laid up for themselves such a store of hatred—and *do* make many mistakes—must lose the struggle.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

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**ESSEX,** by C. Henry Warren. *Robert Hale.* 15*s.*

**COUNTRY MAGAZINE : Book of the B.B.C. Programme.** *Odhams.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It may be said of Essex that " you must love her, ere to you she will seem worthy of your love." In the past few years several books have been devoted to the county by writers who follow the precepts of Mr. Gradgrind. Very many facts with very little illumination have gone to the making, while the county has waited for the historian it deserves, the man equipped not only with industry but with deep, sympathetic understanding of the country scene and those who fill it from Waltham to Bradwell, from Saffron Walden to Canvey Island.

After studying the Essex scene for more than sixty years and reading a great part of the books devoted to it, I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Henry Warren's contribution to the 'County Books' series of Messrs. Robert Hale is the best modern expression of both features and character.

Time and again the reader forgets the guide-book side; he is carried away by the rich and sympathetic narrative, the charm of the writing, the feeling that this book is a love child in the best sense of the term. Mr. Warren's contribution to Essex is the outcome of a study that is nearly complete, a sufficing knowledge of architecture, a love of wild life that has saved him from being a sportsman, and such a quiet eye for points of interest that the reader never loses touch. *Novit qui Deos agrestes*; his understanding is as kindly as it is shrewd. He has followed change without enthusiasm, noting with regret the destruction of Essex woodlands, the passing of rural industries and craftsmen at the bidding of the machine. But he has preserved something from the latter day change and great praise for help given is due to Mr. John Tarlton of Fairstead whose photographs are pictures.

Mr. Warren deals in discriminating fashion with history and legend so that each helps the narrative; his many technical descriptions are clear and easy to follow. The writing itself is excellent prose and comes near to poetry at times. In short the author is to be congratulated and having said so much it is permissible to be slightly critical. He must not claim the oxlip as the monopoly of Bardfield, he must not suggest that the primrose will grow freely in Essex; the Blackwater Estuary is no longer a sportsman's paradise and the murderous puntgun is passing; we have to thank the aerodrome at Bradwell for this, the one redeeming feature of an ugly intrusion. A 'cosset' pig is not necessarily the "cad" of the litter; in his enumeration of the loveliest villages of Essex he has overlooked Henham and like all other writers he ignores the canal that runs from Heybridge Basin to Chelmsford through some miles of serene pastoral country on its way past Little Baddow, a village that he too passes by. He says nothing of the lovely river Roding from its rise by Easton Park to its fall in a slum, or of Stone Hall with its once famous Garden of Friendship, or of the Wellingales and their twin churches. But we may hope that in later editions of his delightful book he will atone for these trifling omissions and will resume his attacks upon those who forgetting that Essex is the walker's countryside have closed field paths and ploughed up tracks that are a public right.

If other 'Country Books' are of like quality, both the publishers and Mr. Brian Vesey Fitzgerald, the general editor, will have acquired merit.

It is a far cry from this serious and engaging work to *Country Magazine*, a miscellany, shrill, amusing, self-satisfied, touching the surface of country life at many points but nowhere penetrating. This is not the fault of Mr. Dillon, the Editor, an excellent and shrewd chronicler of small beer, nor of the ladies and gentlemen who smile their content from the letterpress. In the section on sport the ugly side is discreetly ignored and here Mr. Evans of Usk makes the most attractive contribution, but to extract something enduring from 300 subjects in 250 pages is an impossible task; had they been infinite riches they would have suffered from too little room. Yet for townsmen at least this book should hold an appeal, particularly if they have been followers of *Tit Bits* and *Answers*. Doubtless all the material was worth broadcasting, the people responsible for selection may be relied on; whether the greater part was worth printing is another matter. Some may think that the records "to no such aureate earth have turned as, buried once, men want dug up again."

S. L. Bensusan.

**THE STORY OF AN ORCHESTRA,** by Boyd Neel. *Vox Mundi.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The repertoire of music available to a string orchestra to-day, with and without other soloists, is considerable. The words " for strings " are familiar ones on our concert programmes, and there are many small orchestras formed to play nothing else. It comes as something of a surprise therefore to discover that no more than eighteen years ago most of this music was virtually unknown in this country and much uncomposed. There were no string orchestras and very few items for the medium ever figured in full orchestral programmes.

The field was thus clear for a newcomer to conquer, but it is a major mystery why it was left to a keen musical amateur, then a busy general medical practitioner in London, to divert his energies to this task in the face of discouragement and lacking all resources save enthusiasm. This fascinating story of struggle and achievement is now told by Boyd Neel himself, in a style fluent but unpretentious.

He quotes candidly from glowing press notices he and his orchestra began to receive almost everywhere, not in a mood of personal triumph but always on behalf of his team ; he knows they are worthy of praise. He tells us little about himself, and though his book is nominally about the orchestra one feels that if he had allowed more of his personality to come through it would not have been an intrusion.

It is sobering to read Boyd Neel's reflections on the much-vaunted musical renaissance in this country and his somewhat bitter comments on those who repeat that heresy. One cannot blame him for making his point at length, and more than once in his book, for financial considerations have made him acutely aware of the truth of the situation. It has needed continued sacrifice by all concerned to keep his orchestra going for eighteen years, and even now it stands on the brink of a precipice. In the Foreword to the book Mr. Benjamin Britten voices a plea on its behalf, and concludes : " I suggest it is our pleasure, privilege and duty to support this gallant enterprise, whether as players, composers or members of the audience." Readers of this book will surely concur.

PHILIP H. MORRIS.

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**A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE,** by H. Heathcote Statham. Revised by Hugh Braun. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

In Victorian times, architects were busily and enthusiastically preoccupied with " styles ". Buildings and monuments of the past were classified and docketed under the heading of one style or another. Indeed, the obsession was carried so far that the contemporary method of design often consisted of close, affectionate research into the manner and idiom of a previous period. " Within the memory of man there have been many ' battles of the styles ', and yet, so far as can be seen, the style that has been almost entirely neglected has been the most important of all—that of our own age." Heathcote Statham wrote this in 1912. " It is a tragic paradox," he goes on to say, " that we should have become so self-conscious that we should have lost all real understanding of ourselves ; that we should be so informed as to historical achievement that we should become almost incapable of achieving history." In recent times, nothing comparable with the range and scope of Heathcote Statham's great survey has been attempted ; consequently it remains, many years after its first publication, a standard and authoritative work.

This new edition has been revised and expanded by Hugh Braun who describes himself in his preface as " a professional architect with a taste for historical research." The professional architect has little time to spare from his practice; therefore most histories of architecture have been compiled by the amateur, " more concerned, perhaps," writes Mr. Braun, " with aesthetic variations than structural problems. This is, however, of little consequence at the present time ; for nowadays the study

of historical architecture is a matter for amateur enjoyment rather than professional instruction." For, as Heathcote Statham points out : " The student who is content to stop short at a consuming interest in archaeological facts and data, is not by way of developing into an architect." The architect of to-day no longer looks for designs in pattern books of styles and orders. Instead, he is in search of ways to express contemporary living ; thereby he is contributing to the histories of architecture that will come to be written by the amateurs of the future.

" Architectural History is no drama before which the curtain may be lowered between the acts, for the action is continuous and the stage is never empty." Heathcote Statham uses these words to describe the plan and intention of his book. It consists of eight sections, each dealing with a distinct period of architectural development ; yet the divisions are related one to the other with such care that the continuity of the whole record is preserved. Judged by any standard, it is an impressive work, comprehensive in its scope and detailed information. Above all, because it is alive with the author's delight in his subject, it is not only a valuable book to refer to, it is an enjoyable book to read. The new edition is lavishly illustrated with over six hundred photographs, most of which are clear and descriptive.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

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**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,** by Mark Van Doren. American Men of Letters Series. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

To produce a critical biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne that should stand comparison with Henry James's classic (1879), to seek to penetrate the thought of the man who wrote, " God has imparted to the human soul a marvellous strength in guarding its secrets, and he keeps at least the deepest and most inward record for his own perusal," requires in the writer not courage alone but, what is rarer, the gift of creative imagination and such " intuitions of another order " as the author of *Elected Silence* noted in Mark Van Doren, his Professor of English at Columbia University. In his preface Mr. Van Doren admits the difficulty, and then with the disarming comment on his subject, " I am very fond of him," effaces himself, leaving the stage to the uncanny presence of this " person talking to himself in a dark room."

The tale marches with speed. The child Nathaniel, " beautiful and bright", immersed in *The Pilgrim's Progress* at six, in Spenser at nine, petted, secluded, haunted always by a grim Puritan ancestry, becomes the handsome Bowdoin student of " high and delicate" honour, only to withdraw into that Dismal Chamber in the tall, old Salem house for thirteen lonely years. Success, marriage, deep happiness follow, yet the tale ends, in an intensely moving last chapter, with death as a prisoner's release. Fascinated, we turn back to study the inscrutable beauty of the 1840 portrait reproduced here.

Admirers of that " lovely, lonely book " may seek first the chapter on *The Scarlet Letter.* They will not be disappointed but they will miss the force of Mr. Van Doren's contention that the book is the culmination of earlier tales analysed in previous chapters with loving if fierce clarity. The best of them in his view—*Young Goodman Brown, Rappaccini's Daughter, Ethan Brand*—contain severally the elements that once only fused completely to produce in the novel that " passionless quality ", that " perfect balance ", the expression of " that rare thing in any literature, an utterly serious imagination," confronted by " the horror it saw in every human heart." The protagonists, he suggests, " Sin, Guilt, Isolation, Pride were not the husks of Hawthorne's thought ; they were its deep, warm centre," hence the overtones and the pertinence of the comment, " without his allegory Hawthorne would be nothing." The "centre"—but in the periphery what straining to be " not a soul but a citizen," what " nostalgia for the

ordinary" ! "Out of touch with time," his biographer notes, "and he will be out of touch with any time," his concern being in Goethe's phrase "with things that are abiding."

In a book of luminous intelligence, oddly persuasive, and subtly evocative, Mark Van Doren has added a worthy third volume to the *American Men of Letters Series* initiated by Joseph Wood Krutch's fine volume on Thoreau, and Emery Neff's discriminating study of E. A. Robinson, the poet.

GRACE A. WOOD.

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**THE FORSAKEN GARDEN.** An Anthology of Poetry : 1824-1909. Edited by John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright. The Chiltern Library *John Lehmann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Victorian Age never really found itself in poetry. The Elizabethans, the Augustans, the Romantics—these give themselves fully to us, but as we turn over the standard nineteenth-century poets we feel that only half of their rich, complex, and contradictory world is expressed. Their true poets were the novelists—Dickens, Thackeray, Emily Brontë. The honest attempt of Tennyson and others to face the doubts and potentialities of the time were not continued by those who followed. *Their* doubts led them away from life, among the Preraphaelites with paste-board apples and posturing grief.

The verse of Swinburne, Housman, Dowson, and Wilde does not really speak for the last years of the nineteenth century. But though the virility and fecundity of that extraordinary age rarely found full expression in its accepted poets, it did show itself in the lighter verse—a fact that has been appreciated by the compilers of this tremendously entertaining anthology. They include plenty of work from the major poets (usually the less-hackneyed pieces), together with much fine minor verse, and they add a splendid selection of street ballads, music-hall songs, and hymns. These not only give body to the mixture, but they help to give a new meaning even to the well-known works. The young ladies of the early Tennyson seem more alive when we have met the delightful fifteen-year-old who is going to be married on Monday and knows why ; and the doubts and social questioning of the mid-century poets take an extra point from the irony of "Bacon and Greens."

At the same time the editors remind us how much good, quiet rural poetry was written in those days when the Industrial Revolution was changing the English scene. First of all the heart-breaking naturalness of John Clare :

I hid my love in field and town
Till e'en the breeze would knock me down.

And beside this is the work of many lesser-known, or, at least, lesser-read, poets : Charles Tennyson-Turner, William Barnes, and Benjamin Hardacre whose lyric might have come from the poetry column of a newspaper :

I like the sunny, flowery month of June,
Fit time for bard to celebrate in ballad ;
A time when soaring larks their songs attune;
A time for lamb, potatoes new, and salad.

This song of sunburnt mirth was already lost to the more sophisticated poets. They were too much aware of the spreading factory suburbs, and the decline of the parish. They saw the countryside in an evening light, and felt affinity not (like the eighteenth century) with the Greeks but with the Romans, the beginning of the end of an era. Tennyson caught the double chord of pride in what was left and sadness for what was to go in those two organ preludes of lovely sound : "To Virgil" and "*Frater Ave Atque Vale.*"

My only complaint is that the editors do not really do justice to the hymns. "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" is here, but there is none of those 'Alexander-ines' which I personally detest in church but which carry the true hassock-and-lavender smell. Nor are there any of the grand evangelical choruses with which General Booth challenged the devil in his own tunes. But it would be a poor anthology which did not set you itching for something more, and this, on the contrary, is a very good one.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

# BOOKS ON THE TABLE

enters a new year. Misgiving and a reluctance to embark upon the tentative, in August 1946, overpowered pride and joy in the prospect of handling every month the most precious of all cargoes. To-day these sensations are still opposed, and this notwithstanding kind letters and gratefully received encouragement. In fact, so far from banishing the fears like Isaac Watts who

> Let every trembling thought be gone,

their ascendancy is used as a talisman against seven of the deadly sins of reviewing : omniscience, the two that might be telescoped as slipshoddiness, sycophancy, impatience of the author's point of view, being smart at his expense and the special impudence that criticizes what has not been read.

## It all depends

In this mood of re-dedication THE MEANING OF BEAUTY by Eric Newton (*Longmans, Green.* 15*s.*) is companion and monitor both. It would be hard, and unprofitable too, to outrival Mr. Newton when he is defining the boundaries of a word that in its personal applications is boundless. He tests his thesis, that "beauty in Nature is a product of the mathematical behaviour of Nature . . . beauty in art is a product of man's love of . . . the mathematics of Nature," on an examination of Veronese's *Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine.* This is neither a book to be rushed at and read in a sitting nor one to be skipped. It engenders thought, always of slow gestation, and, if there are pauses for reflection, it can clarify some hitherto intuitive visual appreciations. In the process, the illustrations, some of whose originals are already known—in Antwerp, Chartres, London, Paris, Rome—take a new part in the life of the mind ; others, from Florence, Siena and Venice, throw bright beams on pleasures near at hand. In the search for good taste the format, paper and binding of the volume do not lag behind; without its dust jacket, it is itself capable of evoking responses from a common factor which men call beauty.

## Huxleyan gifts

In attractive form too, the conclusions of another acute mind are being re-published by *Chatto & Windus.* Those on the table which are among the 23 so far announced of the " collected works of Aldous Huxley " are EYELESS IN GAZA (8*s.* 6*d.*), DO WHAT YOU WILL (6*s.*) and BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY (8*s.* 6*d.*). These were read on their first appearance in 1936, 1929 and 1934 respectively, and there is probably something dire in the fact that the first, and chronologically the latest, was so almost forgotten that the dog splashing blood as it fell from the 'plane was the sole recollection of an entire re-reading. Yet not only were the essays and travel journal remembered vividly but also the delight they previously gave. In a haunting and curiously poignant phrase Wilde said he put only his talent into his work and his genius into his life. Can it be that Mr. Huxley's talent is reserved for his novels—and that is why, glittering like the coloured balls our mothers tied on Christmas trees, they are as brittle and ephemeral ? For surely his belles lettres—and even his journey pieces are essentially these—may be recognized as the product of genius. In them, curbing his disgust with humanity curbs the petulance too, and with no loss of Attic salt. And his prose is as clear cut as the observation is accurate.

## Storing facts

This passion for accuracy prompts him to castigate the *Encyclopaedia*

*Britannica* of the 'thirties for its treatment of Central America. On turning over the pages of the BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1950 (£2 10*s.* 0*d.*) there is no sign of "editorial ineptitude" in this record of the events of 1949. Indeed, so comprehensively have Walter Yust, the present Editor-in-Chief, and John Armitage, its London Editor, surveyed the world, that trying to find omissions is like gambling, a mug's game. There is a biography of the first President of the Korean (southern) Republic and, elsewhere, a history of the peninsula which is invaluable to an understanding of the current conflict. Even Aldous Huxley would revel in the section on medicine ; it is cheering news that the very scarce adrenocorticotrophic hormone seems to have much the same effect in the treatment of rheumatism as cortisone itself, which costs per patient about £1,500 a week. Or is it ?

As Mr. Armitage remarks in his preface, the entry on country life is charmingly written, nor are articles on fruit, horticulture, sugar, tobacco, or vegetables omitted. Arts, crafts, games, technical advance, Anna Magnani, Louise Brough, national income, what you will, are here. The only discovered touch of bias is in a sentence of "Liberal Movement" on the British Parliament and proportional representation. The illustrations are many and splendid, full of historical importance and social significance, but the most endearing is one of Danny Kaye listening to George Bernard Shaw as they sit in the garden at Ayot St. Lawrence.

### Science and God

Is Mr. Shaw saying with Newton : ". . . diverting myself, in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary," as the search for the "great ocean of truth" continues ? In ISAAC NEWTON (*Max Parrish.* 6*s.*) E. N. Da C. Andrade communicates to his reader his enthusiasm and reverence for a man who changed "the current of human thought so that all that comes after him bears evidence of his spirit." The century which has seen a decline in religious beliefs also shows an increasing interest in the structure of the universe, and Professor Andrade, himself Director of the Royal Institution, with his study of this man's work will appease an obvious hunger.

### Doctor-philosophers

So also will Kenneth Walker, a Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, with MEANING AND PURPOSE (*Penguin.* 1*s.* 6*d.*). He investigates Darwinism, the influence of Freud, Bergson's "creative evolution", the pseudo-religions and new developments in physics. To see how he reaches the conclusion that man cannot live by science alone is to keep hopeful company with a surgeon-philosopher-sociologist who here reports his "total human experience, the outcome of his intellectual, emotional and intuitive life" and thereby lessens the threat for intelligent man of "a dead, imbecile universe." ——Also good company is Alfred Cox, formerly Secretary of the British Medical Association, as he leads the way AMONG THE DOCTORS (*Christopher Johnson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). From being a young physician whose first patient in Gateshead chose him because he looked kind—no bad reason—he gradually passed after years of general practice and "organizing" to the administrative side of his long career in medicine. His work with the B.M.A. sent him to Canada and South Africa, and to South Wales where the "Schemes" made a point of owning the doctors. The account of the die-hard element in the Association over the Insurance Act of 1911 is reminiscent of a more recent and still reverberating battle, with Mr. Bevan wholly lacking the charm of Lloyd George. In an engrossing book about the orthodox, the chapter "Among the Heterodox" is not less so than the whole. In this a kindly light is shed upon the quack by Dr. Cox who says : "Anybody can practise medicine if he can find patients

and does not pretend to be registered."

### The wind on the heath

Which turns the mind to magic cures and thence to GEORGE BORROW (*Arthur Barker.* 6*s.*) by Martin Armstrong, who quotes the boy's headmaster: "Borrow, are you suffering from jaundice, or is it only dirt?" as he inspected a face stained with walnut juice to simulate a Gypsy's. This revelation of the *poseur* is an integral part of a biography which will probably scandalize those who base their notions of the man on their romantic feeling for *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, assisted by such critics as Saintsbury and Augustine Birrell. Nevertheless, he who learned languages with such determination and mastery, who walked 112 miles to his interview with the British and Foreign Bible Society in 27 hours at a cost of 5½d. for ale, milk, a roll and two apples, and who loved a nomad's life, and best of all when he had lost it, is still not confined only to the inferiority complex "which drove him to fritter away much of his creative power." This much Mr. Armstrong has made clear in the most perspicacious contribution to the study of Borrow's life and work yet read.

### "No coward soul"

Some of the essays in WHERE ANGELS PASS by Daniel-Rops, translated from the French by Emma Craufurd (*Cassell.* 9*s.* 6*d.*), show the same perception and unsentimental sympathy. Besides those on poetry in its various aspects, and particularly an appraisement of "the island of light" created by the work of the young Patrice de la Tour du Pin, there are interpretations of Rilke, Rodin, Holderlin and Kafka. But it is the chapter on Emily Brontë that gives a chief delight. Seen through the foreigner's eyes she can only grow in stature; like a French film in which one is bound to learn more of human nature and to recognize its validity, this essay catches facets of the Haworth genius better than some more ambitious pieces have contrived to do. And as it is impossible to learn too much about Emily, and Charlotte, and Anne, and even Branwell, here is cause for gratitude.

### Mrs. Carswell

One regards Donald Carswell also as a benefactor for gathering together his mother's unfinished autobiography, other posthumous papers, letters and "fragments" in LYING AWAKE (*Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*) and most of all for his Introduction. Catherine Carswell's writing in retrospect stands up sturdily among the taller, more flamboyant plants in the herbaceous border of literature between the wars, especially those around the red hot poker (*kniphofia aloides* which has given rise to many hybrids) who was D. H. Lawrence. But it was hard to see the personality of Catherine Carswell in flower—to know what she was like—and twenty years after, it is revealed in all its warmth, wisdom, commonsense and humour. She could be caustic and still kindly, and self-analytical without being a bore. "I am embarrassed", she said, "by the multiplicity of my interests—of my likings I might add." Perhaps, had she spared more time from these to devote to her literary work she might now have been better known—and less regarded as a choice spirit. Yet, one cannot learn for the first time that she was the dramatic critic of the *Glasgow Herald* about 1909 and after of *The Observer* without regretting that she did not persevere in a sphere which by taste and temperament seemed to be ideally hers.

### Ceasing to till

And who should know better how to present "Round and About Broadway" on a visit to America than the former B.B.C. Dramatic Director and the present Head of Drama in its Television Department? This chapter in Val Gielgud's ONE YEAR OF GRACE (*Longmans, Green.* 10*s.* 6*d.*) is inevitably a magnet to an inveterate theatregoer but the whole book is

satisfyingly tilted towards his special preoccupation with plays, either broadcast or on the stage. A twelve-month holiday took him and his critical faculty lightheartedly all over the United States and the result is a livelier and more shrewd commentary than many a professional globe-trotter would be able to produce. His plunge into escapism was without the negative element that so often prompts it, and Mr. Gielgud's questions—either of life or of that part of it which is drama-producing—have not been dustily answered.

### The sun's bright children

E. M. W. Tillyard sets out to solve some of the posers set by SHAKESPEARE'S PROBLEM PLAYS (*Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*). Starting from the premise that of the four under discussion *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure* are the schizophrenically troublesome children and that *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida* " are full of interest and complexity but divided within themselves only in the eyes of those who have misjudged them," he points to the unifying characteristics in them all. They share a concern with certain struggles, like that between good and evil, or in religious beliefs, or in the points of view of age and youth, or in human nature as it is rather than as it might be. Thus he brings " these apparently disparate works into sharp focus." Dr. Tillyard's name is synonymous with scholarship but to Shakespeare lovers or students or both, it is not the kind that intimidates. And the rewards of analysing each play by his methods are worth trying for.—— Frederick S. Boas is another scholar whose work repays attentiveness. QUEEN ELIZABETH IN DRAMA (*George Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*) keeps close the contact with Shakespeare. He and his Queen shared a taste for classical legend and history and her poets and playwrights were not ashamed to own the debt. The place of Elizabeth in drama which is the subject of the title essay is traced as near as Clemence Dane's *The Lion and the Unicorn*, and in 1948 University College, Oxford, closed the *Masque of Hope* with Nevill Coghill's assertion that " she was Shakespeare's friend. Her proudest title."——Still we tread the boards as Giles Playfair's KEAN, published in 1939, is now reset and issued by *Reinhardt & Evans* (12*s.* 6*d.*). It is all the *Manchester Guardian* called it before : " . . . sound, thoroughly documented, dignified, well written . . ." Edmund Kean's rise was what is known as meteoric and his end at 42 was like the fall of the rocket stick, charred, no longer useful, or lost. Yet how one would have liked to compare his *Richard III* with Sir Laurence Olivier's ! (Here, in November 1946, one was aching " to compare his *Lear* with Mr. Olivier's.")

### An indispensable

With the influence of the first paragraph potent to the last line here, there is just room to say, masochistically, that in a book of such excellent advice to playwrights, photographers and composers as THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK 1950 (*Adam & Charles Black.* 7*s.* 6*d.*) there is no scope for admonishment to reviewers. Yet they, like the rest of the world, are constantly trying to place their work and therefore need its services as much. These, in such practical ways as helping the author " to select his publisher with discrimination," it gives unstintingly.

GRACE BANYARD.

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